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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

EARLY on Saturday morning a great Allied offensive opened upon the Western front. The heavy bombardment which had been in progress for almost five weeks culminated in an intenser artillery concentration during the three preceding days. There must have been many casualties, and German *moral* must also have suffered. Under the ægis of such a protection, the Allies swept forward, and put to a practical test the boasted invincibility of the German system of defence. In the Artois, French and British troops were engaged; in Champagne French alone. The British, advancing in the early morning upon a front roughly defined by the villages of Vermelles and Grenay, an extent of some five miles, carried the first two trench systems, with their supporting fortifications. They pressed past Loos to Hill 70, which they carried. Further north they seized the western part of Hulluch. The main advance upon Loos was entrusted to a division of the New Army, and it is a splendid achievement for any nation to have, in a year, turned a chance selection of civilians, drawn from all the normal humdrum pursuits of every day, into soldiers capable of such action. On the British front 3,000 prisoners, twenty-one guns, and forty machine-guns were taken, and there are other guns between the lines which must fall to our Army when its advance is continued. The greatest distance of the advance is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; but it is sufficient to bring the British within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the

important village and railway junction of Lens. La Bassée is threatened by the advance, as well as Lens. It is nothing short of scandalous that the daily reports from our own lines should be withheld at this critical moment.

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FURTHER south, the French, on a front of about the same extent, advanced against some of the positions which they had contested earlier in the year. The ground over which the British fought is very well suited to a defensive, as it is broken by a scattered host of tiny villages of mean houses, colliery workings, roads, and railway embankments. But Souchez and the new defensive works added to the position, long in French hands, known as the Labyrinth, form a terrain which can hardly be equalled for the difficulty and dangers it presents to an advance. On Saturday the French took the cemetery at Souchez and the new Labyrinth works. The British, on Saturday, won and lost some quarries north-west of Hulluch. On Sunday, they pressed their advance, retook the quarries, and so monopolized the attention of the German reserves that the French were able to occupy the whole of Souchez village and press on to Givenchy-en-Gohelle. Further south they pushed their line to include La Folie and a work north of Thelus. These movements north and south gave them the leverage to get to the Vimy heights. The French advance will have to be pressed further to the north before the position of Lens becomes critical. The number of prisoners taken in this section of the advance amounted to about 1,500.

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THE main advance took place in Champagne. Its front measured 15 or 16 miles, from the region of the village of Auberive to Ville-sur-Tourbe, on the west of the Argonne. The country is one of chalky downs, and along a chain of these low eminences ran the first German line of defence. On Saturday, the French went forward over the whole of this length, and carried the first line, including its defensive works. The advance was least marked upon the west and along the St. Hilaire-St. Souplet road. It was greatest in the direction of Souain. On Monday, against a strengthened defensive from the concentration of reserves, it went forward still more, the maximum advance being in the direction of the village of Tahure, where the French had cut off an arc of the Somme-py-Cernay road. In one part of the advance, at Hill 185, the French line is hardly two miles from the Bazancourt-Grand Pré railway. It is, of course, probable that relief lines have been constructed, as this line has been so long threatened, and upon the line, or some newly-laid line, the German communications to the east depend.

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THIS was the great and chief advance. Its maximum depth was nearly three miles, and it was pressed up to the formidable second line, which guards the railway. On Thursday it was reported that a footing had been gained at several points in the second line. The success of an attempt on these further defences depends upon an adequate artillery bombardment, and the bringing up of the guns demands time. The French, in their advance, took about 17,000 unwounded prisoners, numerous guns, and much other war material, and this is sufficient testimony to the completeness of their first victory.

Two subsidiary attacks (or perhaps three—it is not clear which) were made at the same time as the chief attacks were launched. They were not meant to serve any other purpose than to attract the reserves locally concentrated, so that they might be prevented appearing on the scene at the decisive points. One of the attacks was made from Hooze on either side of the Menin Road. The attack north of the road won two points, which were later retaken; that on the south secured 600 yards of the enemy's trench. "Other attacks," says the *communiqué*, "were made north of the La Bassée Canal. At nightfall the troops north of the canal occupied their positions of the morning." These were apparently in addition to the attack at Hooze. Another attack was made in the Launois district in the Ban-de-Sapt in the Vosges. The Crown Prince made a counter-attack in the Argonne in order to weaken the French offensive; but there was no result of any importance to either side.

THE total effect of these various attacks is the taking of some 23,000 unwounded prisoners, and 150 guns. According to the French *communiqué*, the full German casualty list must run to about three army corps. The front line, formidable as it was, has been broken over a length of at least twenty-six miles to a depth of from two to three miles. The offensive has, in a few days, inflicted upon the Germans a loss which they are not in a position to bear; it has heartened the Allies for further efforts which are now being made; it has carried them on the three main fronts to points of great tactical importance; it has shaken up the whole German defensive system and given them every reason to be apprehensive of the future. If the best should happen and the decisive issue should prove an Allied success, then the German armies from Lens to the Argonne may be cut off from the armies to the north and the armies to the east. A second best would be that the immediate threat of this should cause a retirement from these lines the enemy has held so long. If for some weakness of *moral* among the non-combatant section of the belligerents the offensive failed, it would mean that the results now gained could be pressed to no decisive issue. The new lines would be those held at present, consolidated at the weak points. There would have been great losses upon both sides, and, even if the losses on both sides were approximately equal, the process of attrition would have been hastened.

ON the Russian front, considerable readjustments have taken place, the total effect of which has been to straighten out the line, to relieve Ruzsky and Everts somewhat, and to throw a greater burden upon Ivanoff. Last week the latter succeeded in retaking Lutsk, but he has not been able to hold it against the reinforcements thrown into the armies opposed to him. He has had to fall back slightly, the first time for some weeks; but his front still thrusts out farther westward on the northern extremity. From hints gathered in the German *communiqués*, rather than in the Russian, it seems clear that the Russian generals are not only holding their own but are also contriving to impress the German commanders with respect. Thus, on two sections of the front the Germans note retirements to escape envelopment. One was in the district of Vileika, where the German cavalry had pressed farther to the east and south than was wise in the face of an unbeaten enemy. Now, the Russians seem to hold a fairly straight front between Dwinsk and Vileika. Baranovice, a junction of some importance on the Riga-Kovno Railway, has fallen into German hands, and the immediate objective seems to be the taking of Minsk by a movement south-east from

Vilna and a movement north-east from Baranovice. At the moment the chances do not seem very hopeful, and the fact that Minsk is threatened seems to argue a recognition that Dwinsk is too difficult to take by frontal attack. The Germans now hold the Vilna-Baranovice section of the coveted railway line.

THE munitionment of Russia seems to be much improved, and it is just possible that Ivanoff's successes are due to the effect, filtering through to him first on his southernmost of the three great communication systems which now feed the Russian armies. The Russians are not by any means out of all danger; but when they are equipped in anything like the perfection of the Germans, we may be confident they will give a good account of themselves. Already the Western offensive has had some effect upon the quality if not the number of Germans facing them. The Prussian Guard, which the German Staff seems to regard as a *Deus ex machina*, has been whisked back to the West, and its presence verified on the field of Champagne. But it is highly improbable that any serious number of troops can be spared by Germany from the East.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, the Secretary for India, on Wednesday read to the House two telegrams from General Sir John Nixon, commanding the Indian Army operating in Mesopotamia. The troops have now cleared two-thirds of the distance from Basra to Bagdad. The advance, continuing methodically, came to Kut-el-Amara, where they found the Turks astride the Tigris. It is at Kut that the canal connecting the Tigris and Euphrates enters the former river. The main attack upon Kut was carried out by General Delamain, who, after a demonstration on Monday, crossed to the left bank with two brigades, and, by a night march, outflanked the Turks. From 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. they seem to have fought most stubbornly upon two fronts. At 2 p.m. their lines were carried on this section, and the troops pressed westward. By nightfall the Indian troops were attacking the western flank, which had been held all day by General Fry's brigade. This flank was well entrenched and wired; but by Wednesday morning the Turkish position had been taken, with many prisoners and guns. Our losses were under 500, but the Turkish casualties were very heavy. The victory was complete, and the Turks are being pursued in the direction of Bagdad. It is a gross lack of imagination which has deprived us of earlier news of this wonderful force, which is carrying out operations of the highest military and political interest.

THE Bulgarian situation, in spite of all signs to the contrary, seems to have perceptibly hardened against the Allies. The sympathies of the Opposition and of the people have little or no effect, and even the mobilization of Greece has had little more than a momentary influence. The pronouncement of Sir Edward Grey upon the subject in the House was all that could be desired, friendly yet firm. Our policy, he said, had been "to further the national aspirations of the Balkan States without sacrificing the independence of any of them." As long, therefore, as Bulgaria did not side with our enemies there should be no disturbance of friendly relations; but if she were to assume an aggressive attitude "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power in the manner that would be most welcome to them."

BUT the fact is, this is not the sort of argument Bulgaria can appreciate. If the Allies repeat the argu-

ment of last Saturday adequately and with enough rapidity, that will appeal to Ferdinand and his Premier with the utmost cogency. They may have no doubt of our intentions, but they probably doubt our power. The King, by training and sympathy, and the Premier by conviction, regard the German cause as virtually won. The idea involves a tragic error in Balkan politics; but Balkan politicians are not long-sighted men. Whether Bulgaria has agreed with Turkey to do more than hold the pistol to Rumania and Serbia is difficult to say; but Turkey is not likely to have presented Bulgaria with 2,000 square miles for nothing, and mere armed neutrality—if it is assured—would be as advantageous to the Allies as to Turkey. It would liberate Rumania and Greece at once. Meanwhile, there are rumors of an even greater concentration of Austro-German troops at Orsova, and it is said, von Falkenhayn, the German Chief of Staff, has visited the district.

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THE attitude of Greece is much more satisfactory. The King, on a definite treaty issue, is at length one with Venezelos. The mobilization has that meaning and no more, though it has been read by some as a definite adhesion to the cause of the Allies. Dr. Dillon, telegraphing to the "Manchester Guardian" from Rome, states that the Entente Powers have promised to send to Greece, and to land at Salonika or other convenient port, the number of troops which Greece has contracted to send to the support of Serbia. He further states that he has been informed that the dispatch of a really substantial force would have a beneficial effect upon the whole Balkan situation. It is more probable that the final attitude of Bulgaria will be decided in Champagne. Meanwhile Dr. Tontcheff, Minister of Finance, and M. Bahaloff, Minister of Commerce, seem to have lost their nerve. They have resigned, and it is said that the King has asked them to reconsider their decision. Rumania remains silent but uncompromising on the issue of allowing passage of munitions to Turkey.

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THE new import duties were very roughly handled in the House of Commons on Wednesday and Thursday nights, the attack concentrating on the motor-car taxes, which, as we predicted, were emasculated by Mr. McKenna's promise to exempt tyres and commercial vehicles. As they stand, however, they are still a temptation to British makers of pleasure-cars to divert work from munitions, and to raise their prices unchecked by American competition. Thus the tax will tend to defeat the only substantial object which has been claimed for it. The hostile arguments were so reasonable, and so conclusive of the gratuitous damage to Free Trade which these imports inflict, that the debate might well have ended in the defeat of the Government. The puzzle was Mr. Bonar Law's denial of the assertion that they were proposed by the Unionist section of the Cabinet, or that any Protectionist hope or belief lay behind them. But their Protectionist effect was clearly proved. On Thursday the motor tax was just carried by the intervention of the Prime Minister, eight Liberal members registering a formal protest. But two other duties—those on plate glass and hats—fell before the Free Trade assault, and were abandoned. On a third, the duty on musical instruments, it was shown that British piano manufacturers had already raised their prices by its amount.

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In the House of Commons on Tuesday there was an unpleasant revival of the spirit of undisciplined intrigue which lies behind the conscriptionist movement. Captain Guest—its Parliamentary leader—asked the Prime

Minister whether he would, early next week, make a statement on National Service. Mr. Asquith not only refused this request, but appealed to the House to abstain from debating the question, because we were at what he described as "a very critical moment in the history of the war," and no greater disservice could be done to the Allies than to suggest that there was a division of opinion amongst us. In spite of Mr. Chaplin's scandalized protest, this appeal was contemptuously disregarded. Captain Guest made his conscriptionist speech, and was followed by Mr. Amery, Sir Griffith Boscawen, and Sir Frederick Banbury. The House received it with marked disfavor, and members of the Government, with three exceptions, absented themselves from the Treasury Bench. One of these exceptions was Mr. Churchill, who, in view of his relationship to Captain Guest, might well have abstained from giving indirect countenance to a debate banned by his chief. Captain Guest's tactics, however, had the advantage of dividing the conscriptionists, the more moderate openly dissociating themselves from them. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister has announced that he has received four hundred petitions from labor bodies against compulsory service.

* * *

CAPTAIN GUEST enlivened his remarks on conscription on Tuesday with a series of calculations which prove extremely instructive. In order to prove that the British Armies at present recruited are inadequate, he stated that the normal wastage in this war has been 10 per cent. per month. On this assumption, and the further assumption that we shall need to keep 1,000,000 men in the field in France, in addition to some 200,000 both in the Dardanelles and the other areas of battle, he finds that in a year the wastage will amount to 1,700,000. There is one unfortunate point about such a calculation, and that is that, on the same basis of wastage, Germany will have lost 4,800,000, in addition to some 5,000,000 casualties up to date. These are bold estimates, and if anyone but Captain Guest had given them, he would have been labelled an anti-conscriptionist. For if the German Army has lost 5,000,000 men already, how many will there be left to engage the 1,000,000 British and all the French troops? It is an interesting problem for Captain Guest to solve.

* * *

THE Anglo-French loan has by a succession of shrinkages gone down to £100,000,000. It is odd that as the amount has shrunk the interest has increased until it is now fixed at a figure which seems to call for some explanation. On paper the interest is said to be 5 per cent., but as it is issued at 96, redeemable at par in five years, it costs us nearer 6 per cent. Adding the income-tax, from which the loan is exempt, and allowing for the fact that the Treasury pays upon £96 the interest is practically 7 per cent. It is no consolation to be told that Germany could not raise such a loan upon any terms or that our credit suffers through association with France. Nor is there any satisfaction to be gained from the fact that six months' bills in England are issued at 6 per cent. This loan is in effect a domestic arrangement with America, as much for their advantage as ours. Why then this penalty? It is still debateable whether the depreciated exchange was entirely to our disadvantage. In any case, our holding in American bonds which could be disposed of is considerable, and there is much gold lying in British banks.

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[THE NATION for next week will contain our usual classified list of publishers' announcements for the autumn season.]

Politics and Affairs.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

SINCE the belligerents settled down to trench warfare in the West, there has been no news so good as that which figures in the *communiqués* this week. The Allies have advanced at three points about two and a-half to three miles over an aggregate front of some 26 miles. They have taken some 23,000 prisoners and about 150 guns. There is much other field and trench material actually captured, and further material not captured but covered so completely from the new fronts that it has had to be abandoned. The result of five days' struggle, even stated thus baldly, is considerable; but an analysis shows that it is in effect much greater, and in its augury of the future greater still.

It can have been no surprise to the Germans that the Allies delivered a formidable attack, though the time and places chosen could not be known with certainty. The bombardment of the lines had been in process for nearly five weeks, the intense bombardment for about three days. Such operations could only be explained on the assumption of an advance in force, and its success so far has been remarkable. On the British front the troops issuing from Vermelles and Grenay pushed a broad wedge into the German lines as far east as the western part of Hulloch and Hill 70. The latter place marks the point farthest eastward, and the whole advance includes Loos, and has carried the British lines within a mile and a half of Lens, which is in effect a sort of outpost of Douai and Lille. The subsidiary attacks at Hooge, on both sides of the Menin road, and to the north of La Bassée, were meant to distract the Germans, and were pushed with sufficient success to achieve their purpose. The French, further to the south, succeeded in taking Souchez, Givenchy-en-Gohelle, La Folie Wood, and in penetrating to the Vimy ridge. The effect of these two advances is to place Lens in jeopardy. It is now a salient between the British, strongly posted on Hill 70 to the north, and the French, who seem to have a footing on the Vimy ridge to the south. The British forced the first two lines, and by Wednesday had reached the third line. This was no mean achievement. The German lines in France and Belgium have been fortified with every aid which science can bring to modern warfare. At certain points they are strengthened by redoubts and works which, unless destroyed in the preliminary bombardment, are so skilfully planned and so highly fortified that they can only be taken at a great price. Still, the position has been taken, and the effect is that Lens, which is of the first importance to the Germans, is now closely invested upon three sides. If Lens should fall it is difficult to think that La Bassée, Lille, and Douai can hold out very long.

In the Plain of Champagne, the scene of many historic struggles, the French have carried their line forward over a front of about sixteen miles. This has brought them past the first German line, strengthened by numerous redoubts and forts, to the German second line, which is stretched in front of the Bazancourt-Grand Pré, a line supplying Metz and the East, as well as the gap in the north of the Argonne. The plan of capture seems

to have been that which Hindenburg has so frequently used. An attack was made with the utmost violence at both ends of the line, probably from Souain and Massiges, and, a gap being battered in the line, the troops were at once poured through, and succeeded in cutting off the line in between, and either killing or taking prisoners its complement of defenders. Such was the impetuosity of the attack that the French had to deal afterwards with several fortified works they had passed. Of the prisoners taken by the three offensives, a full three-quarters belonged to this front. Such a fact marks the completeness of the victory, and this is not changed by the check at the second line. In effect, each line is an obstacle as formidable as the outer defence of a modern ring fortress. In this special area there has been a struggle for months, and the Germans have, therefore, had every warning to strengthen their defensive system. The railway in the rear is one of the chief arteries of the German system in this district. If it should fall, a considerable readjustment of the German lines will be necessary.

But this is far from being the whole of the Allies' intention in these attacks. Under the stimulus of a pessimistic press—now in turn optimistic to hysteria—we have been encouraged to regard any forward movement by the Allies as at best a step-by-step advance. At intervals of a few miles the Germans are supposed to have erected these formidable fortifications. Hence there stretches out an indefinite vista of bloody conflicts at which the boldest might blench, and which, in fact, will never be borne. There was no suspicion of such a vista at Warsaw. When Hindenburg drove down upon the Narew, and Mackensen threw his forces against the lines between the Vistula and the Bug, the air was full of fears for Warsaw at the head of the salient, the neck of which the German generals threatened to cut. Substitute Compiègne for Warsaw, and it may be we can visualize something of Joffre's plan. Warsaw was in jeopardy when Hindenburg and Mackensen had pressed to within 180 miles of each other. Sir John French and his French colleagues on the Champagne front are hardly two-thirds of that distance from each other. The difference between the two problems is that the Russians were not nearly so evenly equipped in numbers or material with the Germans, as the Germans are with the Allies, and the Russians had not created defensive lines anything like so formidable as the Germans have in France. Still, if the Allies can but press home their offensive, the German Staff must inevitably be concerned for the safety of the armies in the Compiègne salient. For the crucial fact is that armies stand or fall by their communications, and even trenches can be held only where the arteries of supply are safe. The official French estimate assesses the total casualties of the Germans as already 120,000; this is presumably without estimating a by no means inconsiderable number due to the preliminary bombardment. That is a big figure, and there are certain other points which tend to press home the importance of the victory.

There is, first of all, the fact that the German *communiqués* have descended to mere lying. They are not lies of the sort which dispute the magnitude of the success. According to them there has been no success.

There is, further, the fact that the German numbers seem to be scarcely adequate to make an efficient defence, even with the aid of their fortified lines, against a really vigorous and sustained offensive. When the British pressed their advance on Sunday, Sir John French notes, they drew "in the enemy's reserves, thus enabling the French on our right to make further progress." That is a most significant statement, and it is strengthened by the announcement from Petrograd that Prussian Guard troops left Vilna for the West. This announcement is verified by the French *communiqué*, which records the capture of some of them. It seems probable that they left as soon as the intensive bombardment began, some seventy hours, according to the Germans, before the Allied attack. There is another point which is even more important. In an account of the preliminary bombardment, by Herr Georg Wegener, correspondent of the "Cologne Gazette," published in the "Times," the writer makes it quite clear that Champagne was one of the areas in which the Germans were almost convinced that the promised attack would be made. The correspondent says that he went to that district in the expectation of an engagement, and he says there was "a very strong expectation" there, and not only among the rank and file, the Chief of Staff told him. "A very strong expectation" is not certainty. But the fact that the Germans, with ample warning, lost so wide an extent of line and so many unwounded prisoners is a striking tribute to the skill and *elan* of the French troops.

In fine, there are many indications that the operations, so far, have been a great success. Whether the advantages gained are to be pushed through decisively we cannot tell. It is possible that a strong resistance on the Germans' part in these areas may lead to a vigorous thrust in other directions of tactical significance, until, the German reserves being hurried thither, the advance may be pushed in the original direction. The Russians have not been unsuccessful recently, though there is still a menacing Hindenburg thrust south and east of Dwinsk. But it must be remembered that the Allied losses cannot have been slight. It is impossible to force lines fortified with the greatest scientific skill and no troublesome scruples as to methods of defence without great sacrifice, and armies cannot move too rapidly when the element of surprise is lacking. The truest reading of the situation is to regard it gratefully but calmly, and as at best but a good beginning.

A QUESTION FOR THE PEOPLE.

WE wish that those persons who talk lightly of conscription would realize that there is a power in the land superior in the end to the British Government, and that is the British people. This people consists, in the main, of manual laborers and of what is called the "black-coated proletariat," who feed the national industries in their clerical and many of their intellectual activities. The second power has made with much cheerfulness a great many sacrifices to the first—sacrifices of life and laws, liberties and property. It has given thousands of its children to death by land and sea, and is prepared to give many more. It has allowed Parliament to

draw a pretty broad pen through Magna Charta. It has assented to the virtual suppression of criticism through the press. It has consented to withdraw for the period of the war the code of trade law and custom designed to insure its organized workers against disease, accident, and premature death. As for the cost of the vast operations on the Continent of Europe, it is willing, so far as the masses of the nation are concerned, to pay about one-half of what is after all merely interest on the State's borrowings from the richer classes. In other words, the working nation is dying, paying, toiling, suffering, to see the war through. Why? Because in the main this nation believes that the struggle is for liberty against military tyranny, and because the love of freedom and the hatred of military rule happen to be special characteristics of our race. Nevertheless, these surrenders are not judged to be sufficient. The vast volunteer fleet, consisting of many hundreds of vessels, the voluntary army of three millions, the further voluntary enlistments, the voluntary yield of health, leisure, free speech, personal independence, protective and democratic law, represent, in the eyes of the conscriptionist, too feeble testimonies to the national loyalty and zeal. Every part of existence must be brought under compulsion, and separated from the right of private judgment. The citizen must lose control of his own life, and at a moment's notice submit (without his opinion being taken) to give it over to the will of the Government, or rather to the most unpopular, and in some ways the least efficient part of that Government, which is the War Office.

Now, to people who act without principle, the fact that the fight against German militarism should, even at this stage of it, involve a complete surrender to its idea and method on the part of a nation which has stood out against it, not merely in this war, but for the whole period of modern State life, counts for nothing at all. They rely upon the widespread feeling that we ought to be willing to knock the bottom out of our moral case against Germany if only we can find an easier way than voluntarism to secure a material victory. They do not indeed advance one step towards showing that conscription is that way. They ignore all the delays and confusions of the process. They have never even dared to say that our generals ask for it, or would be able to work it if they had it. They ignore the fact that if the war is to be a long one, we cannot maintain so great an army as if it could be quickly concluded, and that the power of the purse and of industry must come more and more into being. They are thesis-mongers, playing with a great existing emergency. But their worst fault, and their most serious danger to the country, is that they would murder the voluntary system, and bury it out of sight, without one thought of how the people would take the change. They have a purely class view of the national situation. "We want," says Captain Guest, "an army in the field of 1,400,000 men. To maintain it we must have an enlistment of 20,000 a week, together with an unspecified number of workers (subject to summary jurisdiction in magisterial tribunals.) If we can obtain it from the voluntary system, well and good. If not, down with it!" So speaks this son of a millionaire to the people of England. So says Lord Milner, son of a

German, and the most German mind in the Empire. So speaks Lord Curzon, ex-autocrat of India. Have these gentlemen considered what it means to adopt a system under which any Government in Europe, relying on the conscript system, can automatically put an end to a strike (and to trade unionism) by calling up the strikers to the colors? Do they consider that this is the kind of proposition to debate at what the Prime Minister calls a "critical moment" of the war? Do they think, our people being what they are, that they are likely to jump with this sudden bound from their own conceptions of the limits of State power to that which finds favor with General von Falkenhayn? On the contrary, it is obvious that they do not consider the matter at all; that public opinion is nothing to them. Being in the main people who think narrowly and with a purely material bias, they make light of the tremendous surrender of national strength involved in throwing aside the existing national unity, and dividing the country into two parts. The only authority which they invoke is that of Lord Kitchener. "If," says Captain Guest in effect, "Lord Kitchener says that this supposititious army of seventy divisions cannot all be got by voluntary enlistment, the residue must be obtained by conscription." They do not even debate the point that no one has given Lord Kitchener the power to place any such dilemma before the nation, and that no process can be imagined under which a soldier, admitted to a Cabinet for a specific and limited purpose, can be authorized thus to change the British Constitution. And they profess complete indifference to the consideration that, after the Trade Union Congress, no doubt can be entertained that if it were possible to present such a fiat, the popular answer would be one of flat refusal.

But the gravest suspicion under which these gentlemen lie of desiring not so much our victory in the war (which, we do not doubt, they desire) as the victory of their methods of wining the war, is that they refuse to test the voluntary system for all it is worth before resorting to the alternative. Let us grant that our system of voluntary recruiting is open to criticism. Of course it is. It is pursued by military men of no great knowledge or tact or local sympathies. But it can be modified. In the first place it can be subjected to local and civilian control. The persuasion of neighbors by neighbors is the essence of our scheme of politics and local government. It is the way in which our elections are decided and the interest of the citizens sustained in the day-by-day work of public life. On Tuesday the Prime Minister made a proper beginning with such a method when he called together the Joint Labor Board, representing most sections of organized and political labor, explained to them the military needs of the nation, and obtained their active co-operation in a scheme of voluntary recruiting. What, if we believe in the voluntary system, is the next step? It is to treat not only the trade unions, but the municipal councils, Territorial Associations, co-operative societies, as part of the machinery of recruiting. In other words, the war can only be sustained, so long as it is a just and reasonable war, by taking the institutions and habits of the people as they are, and making them the instrument

of supplementing and crowning the greatest free gift of life and well-being tendered by any of the nations engaged in it. If this is not done, if the ramrod of force is suddenly thrust into our industrial machinery, there will be wreckage. The Government know this. Hundreds of resolutions from trade unions have warned them of it. It is incredible that after this admonition they should step out of the good ground to fall into a quagmire of error and confusion.

A PRODIGAL BORROWING.

It is obvious that with the constantly increasing expenditure upon the war, larger and more frequent recourse to borrowing will be imposed upon all the belligerents. For this reason, a wise Government ought to be deeply anxious to keep up its borrowing powers. It will only take by loan what it cannot get by taxation, and it will borrow as cheaply as possible, fearing the damaging reaction of an expensive loan upon past and future borrowing. We have not concealed our alarm alike at the postponement of increased taxation until half the fiscal year has passed, and at the smallness of the increase when it comes. Taxation has three great virtues—its cheapness, its efficiency in compelling national economy, and its moral effect in bringing home to the nation responsibility for the national policy. To this we may add another advantage, that, when the Government is driven to borrow, it wants less and can get it upon better terms. The damage of neglecting this wise economy is brought home to us this week by the announcement of the costly—we should have thought the prohibitive—terms upon which the 100 million loan has been arranged in America. This loan has been avowedly incurred in order to rectify the unfavorable movement of exchange with New York. But the enormous and increasing gap between import and export values, which has brought about this danger, might have been sensibly reduced if rigorous economy had been enforced a year ago by general processes of taxation. We should then also have escaped the ignominy of having Free Trade Ministers defending the paltry proposals of Protectionism now before the House of Commons. But the menace of the falling American exchanges would, we admit, not have been wholly averted by any reduction in the consumption of imports brought about in this country alone. Our fuller complaint is that our national finance, during the war, has been wholly removed from its proper guardian, the House of Commons, and has been conducted in a view of the immediate emergencies of war which, if it proceeds further, threatens to destroy the great superiority of financial resources with which this country entered the war. Let us cite one amazing instance. A few days before the Budget speech the Prime Minister named the sum of 250 millions as comprising the amount of advance made or promised to our Allies and Dominions. By the time that Mr. McKenna made his speech, that sum had risen to 420 millions, without a word of explanation given, as if it were no business of the House and no interest of the nation to inquire into these enormous

secret pledgings of our resources. What right has the House of Commons to submit to so absolute a surrender of that care and control of money to which it owed its very origin and *raison d'être*?

No doubt it is inadvisable that the details of such material advances should be widely published. But surely the House ought to safeguard its rights and fulfil its obligations by means of some committee empowered to receive information and tender advice. For those who reflect upon the expenditure predicted for the coming year will recognize that, if the new taxes are regarded as the limit to the contribution from this source, a huge increase of borrowing will be needed to meet the deficit. Nor will that borrowing be postponed until next year. For it is clear that our last great loan, with the fruits of the new war taxes reaped this year, will have to be reinforced by fresh borrowing to the extent of at least 400 millions. Under such circumstances, we must regard the terms on which this American money has been arranged as little short of a disaster. The nominal interest for the money, arranged with the Morgan syndicate, is 5 per cent. It is, however, to be issued at 96, the syndicate retailing it to the American investor at 98. But, as the "Manchester Guardian" in its searching analysis points out, the actual interest almost touches 7 per cent. "A 5 per cent. loan at 96, redeemable at par in five years, means to the British Treasury interest at the rate of £5 16s. On account of exemption from income-tax—which is 3s. 6d. in the pound on unearned income in the full year—we must add another 17s. 6d., which brings the rate up to £6 13s. 6d. This is paid, not on £100 received, but on £96 received, so that the rate is within one shilling of 7 per cent." Such a loan must, in the first place, have a very damaging effect on the market value of our late War Loan and of all existing securities. But still more serious must be its effect upon any future loans. A step which virtually reduces British credit from a $4\frac{1}{2}$ to a 7 per cent. basis will make it impossible to raise future loans at any reasonable figure. It will even deplete beforehand the British resources from which future borrowing might be made. For what is to prevent the saving class here from investing through American brokers in this 100 million loan?

We are well aware of the difficulties of this bargain with America. But both the general terms of the loan and the enormous profit of two millions to the syndicate indicate that this country has been severely squeezed. Was no other method open to us of correcting the exchanges? The advantage of the Government obtaining possession of American securities for export to America, either by taxation of capital or by purchase, has been suggested in various quarters. Such a course, taken in time, might have averted the necessity of such a loan.

It is only by turning to Germany that we can find any consolation for our financial soul. For if our outlook is none too good, what is hers? It is true that her Press has lately been loud in exultations at the "ease" with which the new great war loan of 600 millions has been raised at a 5 per cent. rate. But the methods of borrowing employed in Germany bear no analogy to ours. Any owner of property, realizable or unrealizable, stocks and shares, houses, even furniture and business stocks, can

there get advances upon "reasonable" terms from Governmental Loan Banks. With this printed money he can buy war-stock. This war-stock will serve again as security for further advances of printed money, to be again invested in war-loan, the stock of that second loan being in its turn available as a basis of fresh bank borrowing. Thus, upon a given quantity of real, though unmarketable, wealth, an amount of credit greatly exceeding its total value may be raised and made available for taking up war-loan. The whole process spells financial ruin. It merely serves the temporary purpose of relieving the Government from recourse to taxation, by enabling it to commandeer from the general stock of goods whatever it wants for the conduct of the war. By cutting off the foreign trade of Germany, we have enabled her Government to pursue this crooked method of concealed taxation, the effect of which is seen in the constantly rising prices and the increased difficulty of the civil population in keeping for their use the necessary supplies of foods and other essentials of life. Germany is doubtless suffering heavily from the rigorous personal economies enforced by our command of the sea. But that is no reason why we should use this command in order to plunge more heavily than is necessary into dependence upon overseas countries.

THE LABOR LEADER OF TO-MORROW.

ONLY yesterday Mr. Keir Hardie seemed to great numbers of his fellow-countrymen to personify the spirit of revolution, and yet for some time before his death he was identified, in the eyes of a great many of his fellow workmen, with a phase of politics that was already antiquated. To say this is not to disparage his services to democracy; it is merely to record a change in the ideas and the outlook of democracy. It may, indeed, be questioned whether Mr. Keir Hardie was primarily a working-class leader. A working-class leader is a man who is conscious, first of all, of the grievances of the working classes, who makes some definite project for their benefit his principal aim. Mr. Keir Hardie probably felt more deeply on grievances of race or on grievances of sex than on grievances of class. He was a chivalrous and intrepid friend of causes that appealed to men and women of generous sympathies, whatever their class; his imagination took fire over the wrongs of women at home or of India or Egypt, or of the subject races in the Empire, and he probably spoke more often in the House of Commons on such topics than on questions affecting immediately labor prospects or labor aspirations. The presence of such a man in the House of Commons is of the greatest value, and public life is sensibly the poorer for the loss of his courage, his integrity, his independence, and his contempt for the subterfuges and accommodations of the Parliamentary system. But it is not so much a working-class leader as a stern uncompromising Radical critic that the nation mourns in him. The Independent Labor Party became less independent after 1906; but independence was the essence of Mr. Keir Hardie's character, and wherever the existing order inflicted injustice he remained to the last its assailant, never lacking in courage, though not always happy or wise in his methods.

The Independent Labor Party represented a reaction against the earlier phase of the labor movement. A number of causes, arising partly from religious associations, had combined to make the few working men who contrived to reach the House of Commons members of the Liberal party. That party as a party, represented in Parliament by great capitalists and manufacturers, stood for interests on which, in one sense, the advanced leaders of the working classes declared war. On the other hand it represented in local life, in contrast with the opposite party, the religious and social atmosphere of great numbers of working men. The Radical working man, like other people, got drawn further and further into the party system, and the Independent Labor Party was the manifestation of the discontent which this process excited. It did not stand for any revolutionary conception of the State: it accepted the general theory of collectivism, denounced the evils and injustices apparent in society, and found the remedy in a Labor Party, independent of both existing parties, and enforcing its own will on the House of Commons. So far as it preached the repudiation of the old individualist tradition, which had had in its day no less vigorous a life in the minds of working-class thinkers than elsewhere, it preached a new doctrine; but that doctrine had already begun to permeate politics, and it was in the air before the Independent Labor Party reached the House of Commons. For the rest, the Independent Labor Party looked more like a new Radical Party than anything else; the speeches of its members were largely the exposition of ideas that all Radicals preached when their party was not in power, and they denounced abuses and extravagance in the spirit of the independent Radicals of the past. In one respect, indeed, they have not continued the tradition of the Radical working men. Dr. Bernstein, commenting in "Vorwärts" on the recent resolution of the Trade Union Congress, representing the trade union view but not the Independent Labor Party view on the war, recalls the Chartist demonstrations against Russia. Certainly it is impossible to imagine Cobbett, or Doherty, or the workmen of the Tyne who welcomed Garibaldi, or the draymen who gave a different kind of welcome to General Haynau, treating the violation of Belgium in the spirit of the Independent Labor Party, and the precedents for the definite subordination of the cause of freedom to the cause of peace must be looked for not in working-class politics, but in the teaching of a school which in other respects the Independent Labor Party regards with little sympathy.

The creation of the new Labor Party was a real catastrophe for Mr. Keir Hardie, for criticism was clearly the task proper to his party, and his party found itself merged, perhaps almost submerged, in a group that was not prepared to undertake that rôle without discrimination. Gradually, probably inevitably, a party so composed and so organized began to think of itself as an element in the "Block," rather than as a detached and challenging force. All the circumstances favored a process which had the look of assimilation, a common danger drawing the Liberal and Labor Parties together. The party that had been proud of its independence barked less and less; and everybody knew that its bark,

such as it was, was worse than its bite, for under the conditions of the Parliamentary system it could not injure the Government without risk to itself. Mr. Keir Hardie could not find his true mission in such surroundings, and he betook himself more and more to guerilla warfare on his own account over outside causes.

But the eclipse of the Independent Labor Party was not merely to be attributed to this process. The explanation is to be found, too, in discontent with its ideals. The working-class thinkers had expected a great deal from Parliament, and they had many disappointments. Those disappointments were reflected in the strikes and agitations of 1911 and 1912; the resort by great bodies of workpeople to the sympathetic strike, the attack on the imagination, the attempt to make employers, over whom a Radical Government, supported by a Labor Party, seemed to exercise little influence, treat their men with consideration from fear of a general revolt. The Labor Party mistrusted this spirit, thinking that it meant exchanging the tactics of an army for the tactics of a mob, that it accustomed men to trust to bursts of violence, and to successes which look brilliant at the moment, but demoralize and exhaust the working-class forces in the long run. There was justice in this criticism but it missed one essential truth about the new movement. The Syndicalists made a mistake in thinking they could do without Parliament; men like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Snowden made a mistake in thinking that everything could be done through Parliament. For this spirit of discontent, and this impatience of Parliament, arose largely from the desire of working men for something more than the Independent Labor Party has ever offered them. They do not want merely the bureaucratic State; they want a new status; a place in the sun. And the true means to their end is to be found in the successful reconstruction of trade unionism as an element in the life and government of society.

In this sense, the Labor Leader of to-morrow is the man who will go outside Parliament, who will not merely manipulate votes, or lead a party in the House of Commons, but will find some way of revitalizing the whole labor movement; concentrating and deploying its scattered forces, seizing its different and several aspects and energies. The problem before labor statesmanship is analogous to the problem that was solved by Applegarth, Odger, and the other members of the Cabinet of the trade union movement, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb called them half a century ago. By their skill and energy they saved the principle of trade unionism. What is wanted to-day is another such Cabinet.

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN PACIFISM.

THE negotiations for the Anglo-French loan in the United States have drawn forth a protest from an American of some note. Mr. Henry Ford is the manufacturer of the motor car that bears his name. Beginning life as a country boy with no capital, an inventive genius, and a business-like imagination, he was one of the first to foresee the growth of the motor industry. He realized the idea that the car ought not to be the luxury of the

rich, but an indispensable part of the life of the average man. That idea has brought him, while still in the early fifties, an enormous fortune. His factory at Detroit turns out a complete car every forty seconds of its working time, and, as an example of industrial organization, is probably unsurpassed the world over. But Mr. Ford has aspirations that are not satisfied with a turnover of £20,000,000 and a net profit of £4,000,000 a year. Some twenty months ago he introduced into his works a profit-sharing scheme on a scale hitherto undreamed of. It involved a distribution of about 50 per cent. of the earnings, that is, of nearly £2,000,000 a year, among the employees, running the factory on eight-hour shifts for twenty-four hours a day, and the payment of a minimum wage of £1 for every eight hours' work to all employees over twenty-two. Since the war and the vast amount of discussion it has stirred up in the United States, Mr. Ford has developed strong pacifist views. Only last month he came out as a vehement opponent of the policy of increasing the American Army, renewing and modernizing the Navy, and the sale of munitions to the belligerent nations. He publicly branded all manufacturers and vendors of armaments as hypocrites, seeking to make money out of the slaughter of their fellow-men. To the Anglo-French loan he has offered, as one might expect, a determined opposition. He threatened to close his personal and business accounts with any bank that participated in the loan, not merely because he thinks the security bad—in his view, it is a gamble on the chances of an Allied victory—but because the whole transaction encourages militarism, and "connects the American people with the war." The best thing that could happen, in Mr. Ford's opinion, would be for the European nations to go bankrupt. They would then, he thinks, be forced to stop fighting.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Mr. Ford's views are peculiar to himself. They are shared, on the contrary, by large numbers of his countrymen. Many an American manufacturer has refused war orders on grounds of principle, and the debate that has raged from Maine to California over the question of selling munitions to the Allies has been concerned much less with the legality than with the ethics of the proceeding. If the Austrian Government had had any knowledge of the American character, it would have based its protest against the American export of war material not on legal but on purely moral considerations. The strongest sentiment in the United States of to-day is not anti-German but anti-war, not pro-Ally but pro-peace. There is nothing Americans desire more fervently than to keep out of the present ghastly struggle. They regard Europe as rattling madly back into barbarism, while they themselves are the sole depositories of sanity and civilization. They feel the waste and horror and criminality of it all with a physical intensity all the more stark for being devoid of the ennobling consolations which support the actual belligerents. They look down upon us as the victims of dynastic ambitions, diplomatic plots, and an anti-democratic dispensation, and they thank their stars that in America they are exempt from the conditions which have produced so appalling a catastrophe. To remain outside the orbit of its ravages there are very few sacrifices of what in the old phraseology

used to be called "national honor" or "national self-respect" or "national interests," to which they will not consent. They see no obligation of honor or self-respect more stringent, and no interest more compelling, than that of discouraging this war madness and enlisting sentiment on the side of reason and legality. The great bulk of Americans simply do not believe that the present conflict, whatever its upshot, touches their national security or endangers their power to hold fast to their own ideals of politics and society and ethics. They have been brought up to believe in the invulnerability of their country, in the completeness of its separation from the feuds and ferment of the Old World, and in the wisdom of the tradition that has prescribed for them a policy of non-interference as the logical corollary to their fortunate geographical remoteness. That they should forfeit these advantages for any cause less urgent than the existence or safety of the Commonwealth seems to many millions of Americans a counsel of suicidal insanity.

We must remember, too, that great fund of American idealism and humanity which their carelessness and affectation of cynicism never quite conceal. They are a fresh and fundamentally wholesome people or medley of peoples, inhabiting a land that is still amazingly under-developed and under-populated, responding eagerly to the needs and opportunities of their environment, but never so absorbed in material things as to be incapable of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. And of all dreams, that which comes nearest to them is the dream of universal peace; of all visions the one they most cherish is of a world freed from the notion that force is the final arbiter in human affairs. It is not a social or a political accident but a deep spiritual conviction that makes the Americans look askance on militarism and all its accessories. There is a type of mind that still associates the love of peace with anæmia and effeminacy. But the Americans are among the highest spirited, the most robust and adventurous people on this planet; and it is worth noting that the aversion from war is most pronounced in the West and Middle West, where life is simpler and harder than in the East, and where all the conditions have made for an unusual abundance of enterprise and physical vigor.

It is too much to say that this attitude is to be taken as a permanent element in the American consciousness. We have all known an America that would have gone to war, even with Great Britain, at the dropping of a hat. We have all known an America as blindly combative as any Jingo could desire. Even to-day a suspicion that that extremely elastic formula, the Monroe Doctrine, was being flouted or infringed, would make every American grope for a rifle. But all the time there is a steady and unceasing growth of pacifist sentiment, a steady and unceasing revulsion against Imperialism, foreign adventures, the accumulation of armaments, and the whole doctrine of militarism. Its force at any given moment depends, as we see to-day, largely on the nature of the questions that are on the carpet, and largely also on the views and personality of the President. The Americans are a malleable people, and eminently responsive to leadership. Mr. Wilson's balanced and circumspect temperament, and the fact that

the issues that are on the anvil of this war are primarily European and not American issues, have been factors of the greatest weight in keeping opinion sober. They know now what modern war is, and the brutality of the spectacle has knocked on the head the heedlessness they used to inject into the discussion of their foreign relations. The Rooseveltian philosophy was never at a heavier discount among his own countrymen than to-day. The ex-President's slogan "Damn the mollicoddles!" awakes but the feeblest echo. In that spacious, unhampered seclusion of theirs, in a society where women and the Churches have taken into their own hands the decision on all questions of ethics, and among a people of such varied extraction and spread over so vast a domain, the reaction against war develops under more favorable circumstances than obtain or are even imaginable anywhere else.

We have seen conspicuously during the last four years of the Mexican convulsion the force and reality of this reaction. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, a competent observer, who brings a cosmopolitan experience to bear on his native land, was recently in a New York journal summarizing his impressions of a tour across the continent to the Pacific coast. "So great," he wrote, "has become the horror of war as exemplified in Europe, that any idea of armed interference in Mexico by the United States is viewed with loathing. 'Let them fight it out among themselves. We are not going to send our fathers, husbands, brothers, or sons to be killed or maimed by a lot of squabbling "Greasers,"' is the way they put it." The course of American policy since Diaz fell has been entirely in accordance with this attitude. The United States Government has seen Mexico ground into anarchy by civil war. It has seen American citizens murdered and their property destroyed. It has seen European residents, for whose safety it is mainly responsible, similarly maltreated. It has seen the Mexicans tearing up treaties, defiling the Stars and Stripes, and insulting Mr. Wilson's personal representatives. And all this it has borne with a patience to which there is no parallel in modern history, a patience that seems only to increase, the more it is abused. Never once, apparently, has the President seriously considered the remedy that almost any other ruler would long ago have enforced—the invasion and occupation of the country. Some of his fellow-citizens have found just and pertinent fault with his policy and its consequences; but the majority of them answer all such criticisms by gratefully reflecting that he has kept the peace. Does this portend a gradual widening of the respective angles from which the United States and Europe approach the problems of international politics? Does it mean that the New World and the Old are moving in these matters on different ethical planes, with a different set of standards and values? It is too soon to answer such questions, just as it is too soon to determine how far selfishness and materialism and callousness have contributed to the gathering detestation with which Americans regard this war and all wars. What, at least, is certain is that if, in spite of all their efforts, they are driven to draw the sword against either Mexico or Germany, it will be in no spirit of Chauvinism, but simply and solely under the drive of a call that could not be shirked.

SOME GERMAN CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THE WAR.

THE Franco-British victories in the West and the Russian rally in the East mark a new stage of importance in the history of the war. Their bearing on its termination necessarily depends on whether or no these operations in their completed form secure the evacuation of the German line, or even its withdrawal, let us say, to that of Antwerp, Namur, and the Meuse. In the latter case, the situation will have definitely changed. The problem of whether the shorter line can be held, or whether the Germans can be driven further back still and on to their own borders, will remain unsolved. But their power of effectively invading France will have come to an end with the evacuation of Lille and the northern industrial centres which they have so rigorously oppressed. It is of consequence therefore to examine what was the mood of their military leaders before the Franco-British advance occurred, and when the future course of the war was surveyed by them as that of a decisive triumph on the East, and a ténure (without decisive advances) of the line of the Aisne. I give this view objectively and without comment, but I premise that its source is, in the main, the impression derived from conversations with neutral observers of great ability and experience, who have had opportunities of discovering and testing the opinions conveyed by them. As will be seen, it is partly military, partly political.

1. The land victory of Germany is assumed to be final, and not to be subject to serious reverses. *But* there is disappointment at the failure to immobilize the Russian armies, for it obviously points in the direction of a winter campaign. This is repugnant to the German staff, which, in common with the majority of the German people, desire peace, having apparently decided that the remaining phases of the war, while possibly revealing no further decisive military result, will entail great slaughter on both sides and much strain on their desperate organization. German opinion of the quality and leadership of the French Army is very high, and also of the fighting powers of our own soldiers. A dramatic defeat of these combined forces hardly enters into German calculations. Equally convinced are the military chiefs of their power to resist an invasion of German soil, and, in view of the good harvest and the State economy of food-stuffs, to maintain the internal economic situation.

But

2. No illusions are entertained as to the results of the naval war with England. It is recognized that we cannot be driven from the seas or our sea-power seriously disturbed. In effect, our victory is acknowledged, and if there is no modification of the Zeppelin raids and the crimes of the submarines (both of which the Kaiser is said to disapprove, and at one stage to have vetoed), it is not because these efforts are any longer connected with large moral or material results. They are largely fruits of temper and exasperation, and of the carefully fed hatred of England.

3. This again has one great origin. The German people have been carefully supplied with a point of view which, in the opinion of my informants, yields them a

unity and simplicity of thought about the war more marked than our own nation possesses. It is pressed on the army and the civilians, and among the soldiers accounts for their readiness to go on fighting, and their power to overcome the growing lassitude and hatred of the campaign which affects an Army no longer professional (like the force that invaded Belgium) but profoundly civilian in character and feeling. The Germans are taught to believe that our naval blockade is specially aimed at the starvation of their wives and children. What their soldiers have done in Flanders and France to starve the wives and children of others is of no account to them, nor their own futile attempts to torpedo our wheat-carrying ships. Of that they hear nothing and care nothing. Their preoccupation is with the partial stoppage of their own food supplies and comforts, and the almost total arrest of their foreign trade. In the late winter and early spring of this year they feared that the blockade would be successful. Their present view is that the good harvest, coupled with the storage of the peasants (which was underestimated), will see them through another year. But they put the bad bread to our account, and season every loaf with a curse for England. A relaxation of the blockade of German food supplies would probably have no effect on the issue of the war. But it would incidentally diminish the extreme virulence of the German war spirit.

4. Thus, there exists a double current of German feeling about England. We are hated; we are also feared. But the objective military mind does not quite conceal from itself the fact that our continued predominance on the seas negatives all hope of gain from a separate peace with Russia or France, supposing there were any longer political prospect (which there is not) of attaining it. We should never pay the indemnity on which the German financiers affect to build their hopes of retrieving the deplorable, and in the end ruinous, financial situation. Without an indemnity, Germany, however prosperous in the field, must consider herself on the road to ruin. No shouted chorus of "Gott Strafe England" can drown that whispered surmise.

5. Concurrently with this calculation proceeds a steadily growing doubt as to the possibility or wisdom of annexations in the West. Can Belgium be annexed? The proposition wears an increasingly hopeless air. The Belgian people will not accept German mastery. They will not work for Germany, in spite of some abominable attempts to make them. Their hatred is ineradicable and profound. No progress whatever has been made in the business of assuaging it, even though the Germans probably rely to some degree on a strain of moderation or weakness in a few Belgian politicians with whom their administration brings them in touch. Germany is faced with the prospect of a hopeless political task, following on the immense internal ruin of the period following the war. Therefore, the anti-annexation party gains, and might be described as in the ascendant even in high military quarters.

6. In what direction, therefore, does Germany turn

—a Germany which accounts herself victorious on land, but tacitly admits defeat at sea—when she begins to sum up the possible advantages of the peace which she desires? An expectant eye is turned on the Near East, and looks to great economic and political gains in European Turkey and Asia Minor. The vision of a Kingdom of Poland, under a German Sovereign, has receded, while the idea that Russia might be willing to exchange her hegemony of the Balkans for a return of her occupied territories has hardly gained definite shape, but exists. Its development, its growth or retardation, obviously depends on the way in which the Russian campaign works out. A vague but real ambition stirs these imaginings, which sees the German merchant and traveller subduing vast tracts of half-developed land, stretching from Berlin to Bagdad, to his will and profit.

7. Meantime, a deeper and more visible preoccupation is the future of Germany. Bitter is the humiliation at the sight of her idle ships, and the knowledge of the guarded sea-avenues which they dare not compass. "Freedom of the Seas" is the phrase from which her professors and her politicians are striving to beat out a policy which either aims at the sterilization of our sea-power, or (as the moderates possibly desire) seeks, through the exemption of commerce from capture at sea, or, let us say, some such measure as the neutralization of the North Sea, new laws of regulation for the ocean highways and their entrances and exits. Again, I do not discuss. The psychology of this turn of German thought may, in my informant's opinion, be easily discerned. At the bottom of it resides the notion of trading off military success against naval failure. But events are winged coursers, which may soon either ride down these visions, or bring them nearer reality.

H. W. M.

A London Diary.

I FIND people calm in face of the news of the hour, and the great tension of the mind it brings. No one yet speaks of victory—no one, that is to say, but the Panic Press, which for months has tried to show that without conscription there can be no chance of victory at all. There are critics of the strategy of the advance, but hope of an adequate result is general. It is encouraged by the knowledge of the wonderful moral and skilful leadership of the French armies, and of the spirit of our own troops. There are other factors. Much ground has been gained, and the double encirclement of the broad German salient, whose angle is at Compiègne, carries with it a grave menace to their northern armies. Is their higher command confident? Probably in their ability to hold back a crushing offensive. But not, I think, in their own power to carry such a movement through. Their excess in numbers is gone. Their army is not as good as that which tried to rush Paris; their power of turning out shells, though still enormous, can hardly at this hour yield them a great advantage. It is doubtful whether they have as good Generals as Joffre and Foch, whom they unaffectedly admire. Their men retain the pluck

and self-confidence of the great German clan. But admittedly they are not as fine as ours in the rush and the counter-attack, and our staff-work, if not super-excellent, improves, for the capture of Loos was clearly a brilliant feat of arms. So we may look to good results to-day; better to-morrow. But we must keep a pretty tight rein on the imagination.

Too much should not be made of the new War Committee of the Cabinet. It is in no sense a concession to the Little Cabinet-makers. It is not an Executive Council, for it is clear that whatever it does must be subject to the control of the Cabinet as a whole. It is the successor of the too big and too composite Dardanelles Committee, over whose conclusions hangs a melancholy tragedy of errors. It was necessary to have a smaller consultative body, for the Cabinet itself is really a debating assembly whose power of *conclusion* varies inversely with the preaching powers of its members. But much depends on the size and composition of the new Committee. Many seriously question the wisdom of including Mr. Churchill. He has, no doubt, a keen military brain. But as a measure of its quality in judgment stand the first rush at the Dardanelles and the Antwerp expedition. Are not these grave matters to be weighed; grave questions to be answered? I should have thought so.

LORD KITCHENER's hint to the meeting of the Joint Labor Board of a possible recourse to the Militia Ballot has made some noise; but I imagine the last thing that occurred to him or to his hearers was that he had committed himself (least of all the Cabinet, which I can't conceive as having even heard of such an impossible plan) to compulsion. Soldiers are not masters of precision in speech. Lord Kitchener impressed his hearers with the idea that he was speaking as a voluntarist; but he did make this reference to the Ballot as a possible method of filling up the local quota in case of deficiencies. This was not wise or prudent speech. But it was a mere soldier's slip, not in the remotest degree an act of policy. Not a member of the deputation was shaken, and the whole matter, so far as the labor world is concerned, is set at rest by the arrangement under which its three leading sections pledge themselves to a special recruiting campaign.

MEANWHILE, it almost looks as if the conscriptionists, seeing their ship in danger, had decided to blow it out of the water by their own volition. After Captain Guest's suicidal speech the other night, and indeed while the performance was actually going on under the eyes of a scandalised House, some of the more recent friends of the movement were to be heard arraigning nearly everything connected with it—the crazy fanaticism of its leadership, its irresponsible and mischief-making Press, its cynical contempt for the very idea of discipline, whether "national" or individual; its lack of balance, common sense, and judgment. Men accustomed to the handling of affairs—sympathisers, for instance, like Sir Charles Henry—were aghast at the line taken by their more reckless associates after the Prime Minister's appeal. How deeply Mr. Asquith himself felt about the incident

may be guessed from the fact that it was at his desire, or at any rate with his known approval, that Ministers pointedly absented themselves from the debate. Exceptions have been noted in Mr. Churchill, Sir Edward Carson, and Sir F. E. Smith. One hopes that these were accidental appearances. At all events, the Unionist Whip was especially active in his efforts to obtain a loyal support for the Prime Minister's wishes.

MR. KEIR HARDIE will be missed in many places more than in the House of Commons. He never liked it; in return it respected without liking him. Adaptability was not in his nature; he was of the race of prophets and admonishers, not of tacticians, and a body which liked a nimble play of mind (such as Mr. Lloyd George's), or a supremely cultivated method (like the Prime Minister's), or a great natural gift of saying things (like Sir Edward Grey's), did not take to Mr. Hardie's inflexible gravity. Yet he had a style which was almost noble, and always measured and impressive. Again, he was not quite a representative man. Trade unionism he hardly understood, and from that point was nothing like so good a member as was Mr. Broadhurst, and he never approached Mr. Shackleton (perhaps the best who ever sat in the House). He was, in fact, a Scottish preacher of righteousness, preaching, indeed, in the wilderness, and finally deciding that the worst un-righteousness of all was that which (political) men practised on women. Tact he never possessed, and that again the most tactful and tact-ridden of assemblies resented. He was, indeed, too good a man to be successful as a politician. I do not know whether (like some good men) he was vain; his enemies said he was. Personally, I thought him finely devoted to causes, but not enough of a student of men, and the ways in which men can be influenced.

KEIR HARDIE's real quality, therefore, was his fixity of opinion and temperament. A new environment could not greatly change him. He was a true independent. He despised Liberalism and Conservatism and the swing of the party system between these forces. But despising these things, and having built up a force to break them, he lacked the power to handle it. The boredom of life in the House of Commons affected him, as it affects everybody who is not interested in tactics. Tactics were beneath and aloof from this grave Scotsman. He was a figure and a symbol in the larger world of politics rather than in its smug Parliamentary corner.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE HEART OF FRANCE.

OF all the congeries of nations which to-day are massacring each other in Europe, the majority exhibit the psychology which could be predicted of them. The Russians, for example, are fighting and enduring as Russia has always fought and endured. She exhibits the same

tenacity, the same indifference to death or suffering, the mixed kindness and ruthlessness of the peasant soldier which is characteristic of the Slav. It is a race which believes at heart more in the sadness than the happiness of the world, and sees in wars and the sufferings of wars a phase of the unceasing tragedy of life. England, again, has exhibited all the characteristics of England. Her soldiers fight largely because they love fighting. They go into the battle singing songs or determining—a moment before death—to be in at the “early doors, 6d. extra!” They fight with fury while the fighting is on. They very readily forgive when the fighting is over. They are mingled with Scottish and Irish and Welsh, who also are exhibiting all the conditions which these have always exhibited—temperaments not equable, like the English, but in alternate moods of depression and inspiration; proud, fierce fighters from whom the fighting instinct has never departed; impatient of delay and trench work; difficult to restrain also in the day of battle.

But of all the nations, France has proved the most surprising, and the psychology of the French nation the most incalculable. This is a France which we have never known before in warfare. It is a people without a king like Louis XIV., or an emperor-leader like Napoleon; with no general whose leadership has yet been proved supreme in the field, certainly with no statesman of conspicuous power or attraction. There is not even—as in the last great democratic struggle—a Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson on the one side to effect miracles of strategy and tactics, or, on the other, that sad, resolute, noble figure who, as the years of disaster and fierce fighting rolled by, came to be hailed as “Father Abraham,” and recognized by the armies of the North as their typical hero. France to-day stands as Democracy incarnate, the spirit of her made by the fusion of the spirit of all corners of the pleasant land, the ardor of the south, the sadness of the Breton peasant, the vivacious life of Paris and the great cities. She stands as Democracy vindicated; even if ruin were assured her, and she were to go down before the organized Autocracy and mighty war machine of the Central Powers, she would go down with Democracy’s colors flying, redeemed and made sure of the future by the utter devotion of her children.

“This war is not a proper war,” writes a German soldier in his diary. “Germany is lost because she aimed not to be a nation but a mechanism, and succeeded in her aim. She has become a rigid body. She has killed her soul. She has chosen to make of life a war game. She has lost. Germany will not live again till the flowers are growing upon her grave.” Such is the despairing cry of the individual who has been sacrificed to the Moloch of a war organization to whom the individual counts for nothing. But in France it is the individual who counts. Only these individuals are united, not by the compression of a giant machine, but by a singleness of energy and determination. The French citizen-soldier sees all the possibilities of individual death, and entertains no illusions, is not passionate of glory, requires little external stimulus; for the flags and the music and the panoply of “the glories of France” are all gone. He fights at the front, and endures behind it for the saving of France, and for that purpose alone. “He has given his life for his country,” says a poor woman at the hospital bedside of her dead husband. “I cannot complain. I was only his wife. France was his mother.”

It is a France, therefore, that in all acts and purposes appears as the exact antithesis of the France which Germany beforetime conquered, and therefore a France

which Germany will never overcome. Its officers are efficient, scientific, ingenious in the invention of devices for the new warfare. Its soldiers are extraordinarily patient under suffering, apprehending in full for what they are fighting, dying without complaint if death be their destiny. There would appear to be little hatred of the individual German—rather a kind of contempt for a creature who, being made part of a machine, proves useless when the machine breaks. But the French mind is now turned to a determination to settle this thing for ever. It cannot be bribed by the *status quo ante* terms, or even, maybe, by Alsace and Lorraine and the restoration of the violated territories. “Never again” is the watchword. It seeks a destruction of this relentless power which had made men’s lives a nightmare and hung like a black cloud over the hopes of better things. The men in this generation are giving their lives that the next generation may breathe in free air and be allowed a chance to live. For such a result they will restrain their ardor for weeks and months in the trenches, just killing enemies by sniping or artillery fire. For such a result they will make such a fierce advance as that of last summer in Artois, where the operations had to be stopped, not so much because of the resistance of the German as because the French soldier had become utterly indifferent to his life, would take no precautions, and drove ahead in the shadow of death. And for such a result comes the glorious news of the spring, seven days ago, in the Champagne, when suddenly the guns ceased and the long lines of infantry swept forward. So one wounded, informed that he will never be able to lift up his arms again, replies: “What does that matter? In our regiment nobody ever surrenders!” It is not a new France; it is the France which has survived through all the centuries.

Behind it all is the patient, quiet, enduring life of the people, continuing the work, even under the fire of the guns, of scattering the seed in autumn, and gathering in the harvest in summer—the unchangeable life of man. Few more revealing and delicate descriptions of this real France have been given than the record of the work Mr. Ian Malcolm has written (“War Pictures Behind the Lines.” Smith, Elder) of a little group of Englishmen who went out day by day in the autumn and spring days, to perform the saddest of all offices, the identification and the interment of the dead. Scattered over the vast battlefield of the Marne and the Aisne, here by the roadsides, there in the heart of the forest, or challenging on high upward with their rude crosses the declaration of the “simple senses” that Omega is Lord, they found and identified and restored to consecrated ground those British dead who had died driving the invader back from France. And here is exhibited the “other side” of these royal people, as Mr. Malcolm calls them; the “other side” of an Army whose “one ideal is France, and whose watchword is Victory.” Here is the patience and pity of those left behind; of many for whom all life is done; of those who seek what solace is possible in the consolations of a faith which has survived two thousand years of wild warfare and the madness of men. They offer unlimited hospitality to those English who have strayed amongst them. They care for the wounded, shelter the stragglers, refuse all payment. They tend with reverence the graves of the stranger and friend. “In all this region,” writes Mr. Malcolm, “wherein perhaps more than in any other the French feel that the bravery and skill of the British troops saved them and their country, there is an intense desire to show not only their gratitude, but an emotion very like love for Great Britain. They gladly offer perpetual concessions of land in their cemeteries; they wish

to lay our soldiers beside their own; they will take any amount of trouble to find and tend our graves in scattered and obscure localities, and they long for permission to gather them into consecrated ground."

The book is full of touching and pleasant incidents, as when Mrs. Malcolm goes to buy violets for the English hospital in the market place, and the little French children spread the news of her mission, and immediately her baskets are piled high with violets and carnations and roses, all the market women refusing to take a penny for them. Or, when on the top of a steep ploughed hill, where they had heard English soldiers had fallen, they find on the summit "three French privates in uniform laying flowers upon two lonely graves, saying a little prayer, then quietly saluting and going away." "They were at first quite shy at being surprised in this touching act of comradeship, explaining that they were natives of one of the villages below, and as they were home for a few hours' leave, they seized the first opportunity of paying their respects to the memory of men who had died for them in their parish." At Easter, "in France," writes a village schoolmaster, "according to our yearly custom in spring-time, we dress the graves of those who are still dear to us, and on Palm Sunday we decorate them with flowers. I thought it would be nice to treat in the same way the graves of the British soldiers who fell fighting in our parish. So last week my wife attended to them, and yesterday she and many people from this village brought flowers in honor of your gallant fellow-countrymen." "Never," says Mr. Malcolm, "did I see flowers on a cottage window-sill; never a flowerless grave."

Tenderness, pity, courtesy, charity, behind the fighting lines, in regions where every hamlet mourns its dead; a spirit of fire and steel, where the battle is engaged, these are the real revelations of the heart of France. One is reminded of the aspiration of Nelson, when he wrote to a French naval officer: "Your nation, sir, and mine, are made to show examples of generosity as well as of valor, to all the peoples of the world."

THE DESERT OF LONDON TOWN.

THERE are some people who, reaffirming James Thomson's vision of Tophet, tell you flatly that London ought to be pulled down. Alas, it is already pulled down. London is no longer a place with local gods and associations. It is a noise and a smell. We should no more put a label upon it than we should upon abstruse speculations of space and time. Now, that is exactly where Mr. Burke ("Nights in Town," Allen & Unwin.) makes his mistake. His picturesque and impressionist sketches do imply a synthesis—a single and coherent attitude towards London as a whole. And, in consequence, he is not unlike the man who cried "Peace! peace!" where there was no peace. For Mr. Burke does not really put a girdle about London. What he does is to invent an abstraction and call it London. That abstraction, for want of a better term, is vulgarity—a kaleidoscopic, witty, feverish, brotherly, brave, philosophic vulgarity. All London, in Mr. Burke's eyes, is vulgarity or a smug reaction from it. Kensington, Clapham Common, Norwood, and Surbiton, with their "spiritual pudibonderie" and "scabrous gentility" appal him as a suppression of the free and healthy instincts of vulgarity. If it is nothing else, this is an intelligible enough aspect of London. But Mr. Burke has to pay the penalty for it. There are significant tracts of London which he ignores.

There are others to which he attaches a generalization that won't fit.

For, of course, London is not "all things to all men," as Mr. Burke tells us. It is a few specific things to different types. To the average middle-class provincial, for instance, it is only a square mile in breadth. No; a few square yards. Mention the Vaudeville and you have, actually and symbolically, the whole of the genteel provinces in "town." To the lover of beauty? Well, we doubt, if, like Mr. Burke, he will take all London to his bosom. He will not stand in the middle of Fleet Street and cry "Io Bacche!" His will be a rather furtive, Jack-o'-Lantern career. The Soho restaurants, the Chelsea art galleries, the Albert Memorial, the Palace Theatre, and the Little Grey Home in the West (to his mind almost synonymous terms), he will avoid with the skill born of despair. It always seems to us as though the people who like the meaningless designs which are branded upon the ceilings and fire-places of so many London houses, are the people who stray within the neighborhood of the Soho restaurants, the Chelsea art galleries, the Albert Memorial, the Palace Theatre, and the Little Grey Home in the West. But, to our lover of beauty. The suburbs, except perhaps Richmond, Kew, and Hampstead Heath, will know him not. If he be for a generous pilgrimage, he will strap on his knapsack or take a dinghy and travel from Richmond to Greenwich. For the Thames, as an expression of pastoral amenities, is never one of the lesser angels. But as an expression of historical, æsthetic, and mercantile London, it beats all the waters of the Bandusian fount. From Richmond to Kew is a stretch of about three miles, and at Kew he will run straight into Strand-on-the-Green. Strand-on-the-Green is exclusively occupied by old eel-fishermen and seventeenth and eighteenth century houses. Some of them lean tipsily over the river, like a Doré illustration in the "Contes Drolatiques." To this day, there is a fisherman at Strand-on-the-Green, who is a Peterman, and fishes in a Peterboat. He is, we think, eighty-six, and his nephew is seventy-nine. The charter of the Petermen was granted them by a medieval English king. And in Strand-on-the-Green barge-building is not an industry but a craft, pursued in an atmosphere which, alone of all the places in London, recalls the medieval guilds. From there to Hammersmith is another easy walk, part of the way beside the poplars and gardens of Chiswick Mall. Between Westminster and Greenwich we are trenching upon Mr. Burke's preserve. But he has very little to say about the river. It is the human vulgarities of Limehouse, the Isle of Dogs, Shadwell, and Blackwall streets, with their seasoning of amorous and pugilistic encounters, that capture his fancy. We have nothing to say against those chapters. They are the most spirited in the book. But there is a sombre majesty about the Pool and the East India Docks, which is an embodiment, as nothing else is, of a visionary City of Dreadful Night.

Beyond a vague reference to a dyspeptic Smollett, who lived in a house in Chelsea, Mr. Burke turns his back upon the antiquities of London. Perhaps the subject is too painful. Lamb's gossip about London—what a far-off anachronism it is! Only a few months ago, the Hun in our midst demolished Johnson's house in Gough Square. And looking for bits of Old London—the London of coneycatchers and coffee-houses—is like looking for half-a-dozen needles in a haystack as big as St. Paul's. To our mind, the most interesting thing about Chelsea (apart from the Embankment) is not its desperate Bohemianism, but Crosby Hall (mentioned in Shakspeare) which, through Professor Geddes, has been removed there from Bishopsgate, literally stone by stone. Mr. Burke

may call Fleet Street the "Street of a Thousand Sorrows" (we should say "Sins"). But he might have mentioned the house of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., who died, it has been finally attested, not of poison, but of typhoid fever. And it would have been an odd commentary upon the Russian colony in Stepney if he had told us whether Whittington House was still standing on Stepney Green. And the same of the incongruity of the Trinity Almshouses of Whitechapel, standing like a lighthouse with the Yiddish sea boiling (or rather, frying) about it. In Westminster, is Lord North's house, and at the corner of Guilford Street and Russell Square, the house of the wicked Lord Baltimore, who abducted the beautiful quakeress. Adam's work in the Adelphi is familiar enough, but it is not so well known that he built Stratford Place, Oxford Street, and the best part of Queen Anne Street. And there is Essex House in the Mile End Road.

All this, Mr. Burke may declare, is irrelevant to the study of the humanities, the humanities of Cockaigne. But is it? And the antiquarian has so good a knowledge of London psychology as the pothouse-lounger. Take the devoted and penniless book-hunter. He knows his London and his London types. No Charing Cross Road or even Farringdon Road, which is too well worked by booksellers' minions, for him. It is the east or the south, and the suburbanites of Bayswater. The bibliophile, for instance, knows more of the Jewish aptitude for business than all the theorists. He will bargain for a book on a Whitechapel stall. The bookseller will put a preposterous price above its value, and it is all in the business for you to beat him down to a preposterous price below it.

Mr. Burke has very little to say about the sheer wilderness of some London districts, with their Cimmerian dwellings and their still more Cimmerian owners. For one kind, take in the West, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, and Wimpole Street. For another, in the North, the region lying between Camden Town and Highgate. When you are in them, there is no longer any premium upon living. Beside them, Kensington is Bacchantic; Tooting, a fairyland; Golder's Green, boisterous; and Willesden, an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. To the industrial revolutionary, they are more than a library of pamphlets. There is no parallel to them in the history of the world.

One last word. Mr. Burke tells one or two good stories about queer professions. Does he know the lucrative one of the man who makes a round of registrar offices, and congratulates couples as they come out of them?

THE HUMAN BIRD.

THERE is fowl for dinner. Not chicken. As the war goes on we shall be less and less obliged to brag away the age of the things we eat, and we are glad to-day to have spared the life of some useful pullet by eating instead a superannuated member of the poultry-yard staff. As we eat our friend we sing his praises, and, heedless of the injunction, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, recite the misdeeds that hastened his end. He lived some little way off, the life of a very proud and handsome pasha, then during the last few weeks deserted his people, for whom he had unselfishly scratched worms these many moons, and came to take his daily bachelor picnic in our garden. For this he was fetched home, fattened, killed, and being for sale, became holocaust at that very house whither his tough and wayward legs had so often

carried him. We recall his look of aristocratic surprise when we used to disturb him at his illicit picking, and the recalcitrant, rear-guarding way in which he used to go home under protest, pursued by overwhelming force. One small member of the family hits the target nicely by remarking that he used to stroll about our lawn "with his hands in his pockets, as though all the world belonged to him."

Yes, that is the manner of the bird, especially in the barn-door fowl, whose wings are seldom used. We like him better than the quadruped, chiefly because he is more like a man. The squirrel is all very well, for he can sit on his hind legs and make rather human use of his hands. The monkey, who goes further in this direction, does it too well, and irritates, like a too-faithful caricature. But the bird's constant pose on the ground or in the trees is that of a man doing very clever things, with his hands tied behind his back or stuffed tight into his coat-tail pockets. We almost want to cut up its food for it, when we see it doing everything with its mouth or with the occasional flurried help of a foot. Its nest would be creditable as the work of a human pair of hands; it is a simple marvel when we know that it was woven entirely by the beak. Mr. Kearton only records one instance of a bird bringing in the aid of a foot in nest-building, and that goes to the credit of a hawk, which, unlike most other birds, uses its feet for taking its prey.

So it need not be wondered at that the bird gets more sympathy from us than the cow, standing for ever on four legs like a table. But when the bird does take its hands out of its pockets and shows that it has kept them there out of the range of earthly work in order to make them wings; when it takes its little soul heavenward through the invisible and impalpable air, singing the while to show how much at ease it is, then we still more wonder at it and extol it among animals. We sometimes hope that we may do the same, as our pictures of angels very clumsily prove. For in those the birds' wings are un-anatomical supernumeraries, and we keep our arms that should have paid for them for totally unspecified heavenly work. It is better to make comparison on a rational footing. The aboriginal reptile had four legs, and only four to do what it would with. The fox kept them all for running; we, having run a little way on them, stood up and used two for making all the wonderful things we have made; the bird, instead of following the human example a little way and getting lost like the fox, has struck out so novel a line that it seems to have a human quality, and makes us love the bird almost as much as ourselves.

The child's picture of the rooster "with his hands in his pockets" would not have sufficed by itself to make us discuss the human bird. As it happens, Mr. Hudson analyzes his own love for the bird in his book, "Birds and Man" (Duckworth), which has just come to hand. What he particularly asks himself in one of his always entertaining chapters is: Why is the song of birds so pleasurable to us? He is speaking of the warblers, at the head of which in this respect he places, not the mellow blackcap or passionate nightingale, but the willow wren, and his answer to the question is that it is the human quality in the bird's voice that pleases us. He tells of a naturalist who heard a bird he could not see, and, asking what bird it was, described its song as "like a wonderfully bright and delicate human voice talking or laughingly saying something rather than singing." He found that the bird was the willow wren. Mr. Hudson reminds us that Gilbert White described its song as an "easy, joyous, laughing note."

Mr. Hudson does not find that many birds have this human-voice quality of song. He gives pre-eminence to

willow-wren, black-cap, swallow, blackbird, linnet, and tree-pipit, though some of them have, he says, only a few notes out of many of the precious quality. Outside the Passerine Order, we have the laughing green wood-pecker, the weird-sounding whaup, the cuckoo, eagles, auks, crows, and others whose voices excite curiosity, amusement, irritation, or dread. Still, they shout and groan and shriek in a human way, and, apart from association, speak a more intelligible language than the cold music of the robin. And we think that Mr. Hudson could find a good deal more of the fairy-speech kind of song among the near allies of the master-singers that he mentions. The thrush is a monstrous omission. He may be rather loud and too much taken up with his own importance to carry on a conversation with neighbors, as we delight to be told the blackbird does, but every phrase is vocalized, so that every Mary, Georgie, and Bertie in the neighborhood imagines that he or she is being told to "Stick-to-it" or "Have-it-out," or is being asked for "gig-whips" and other fancy articles.

Then the yellow-hammer really does talk singingly about "bread-and-no-cheese," the chaffinch about "ginger-beer" or "Meet-you-here," according as we are thirsty or sentimental. The great tit's "Peter, Peter" and the blue tit's "Cheera-dee-dee-dee" cannot be adequately whistled by us unless we think of the words, and in fact, the best way of reproducing many a bird's song is by trying to talk it and whistle it at the same time. The call-note of the bullfinch will not come as a mere instrumental note. It must be whistled as "whib," or perhaps as "hoop," which is the bird's name in many places. Long ago we wondered why the sparrow had so much to say about Kildare and the wag-tail about Kiswick. The consonants, of course, are not there, but are we not perfectly able to supply the consonants in human speech when we are too far away to hear anything but the vowels?

It is surprising that so good a naturalist as Mr. Hudson should not have been able to decide between the claims of "Take-two-cows, Taffy" and "My-toe-bleeds, Betty" as the song of the wood-pigeon. He says that the emphasis is very strong on the "two," and that number and no other is David (or Taffy), begged, tearfully, almost sobbingly, to take. The emphasis is on the "two" in the first phrase, which has only four syllables. But when the phrase is lengthened at its first repetition, as it always is, to five syllables, the emphasis goes on the "cows." And the song ends with the bare exhortation, "Take!" But if we allow the bird to sing to Betty about his toe, this is how it goes:—"My toe, Betty! My toe bleeds, Betty! My toe bleeds, Betty! Look!" Always the stop at this isolated first word, and generally such a tearful little "Look," the tears apparently choking further utterance. Mr. Hudson knows that the wood-pigeon's song is a sob, for he tells how once, thinking he heard the song in a town, he looked up and found that it was a child crying in an attic. Why should the aiding and abetting of a thief be such a doleful affair? It must be his poor toe that the bird sings about.

Letters to the Editor.

THE POLICY OF BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a private letter to me, which more or less continues an exchange of correspondence in your paper, Sir Edwin Pears refers to an assertion I made in the August number of the "British Review" to the effect that the

Bulgarian offensive (against Greece and Serbia in 1913) had been determined upon in collusion with Austria. Sir Edwin Pears thinks it is desirable that I should publish any facts in my possession in support of that assertion, and I therefore propose to fall in with his suggestion.

The Turco-Balkan War of 1912 was only two weeks old when King Ferdinand, with the approval of M. Gueshoff's Cabinet, despatched Dr. Danev to Budapest with instructions to obtain the support of Austria-Hungary to the final liquidation of Turkey-in-Europe. We may assume that that mission was successful, for thereafter Austria set herself to break up the Balkan League. A systematic anti-Russian campaign, sponsored by the Court and by the present Prime Minister of Bulgaria, was inaugurated. Writing after the catastrophe of 1913, M. Chopoff, a former Bulgarian Consul-General in Salonika, thus summed up the situation:—

"From the very commencement of the war waged by the Allies in the Balkan peninsula, two political tendencies were struggling with each other; the influence of the Triple Entente and the influence of the Triple Alliance. The Triple Entente was in favor of the Balkan Alliance, while the Triple Alliance strove to compromise and destroy it, considering it to be against its interests. The policy and influence of the Triple Alliance obtained most success in Bulgaria, where, during the winter and spring of 1913, a very active and cleverly directed agitation was carried on, not only among the parties then in opposition, but also in the Supreme Command, and, in general, among the army on the battlefield."

Dr. Kalinkoff, the Bulgarian Minister at Bucarest, stated that in May, 1913, he was informed by a "military personage of high rank" attached to the Austrian Legation, that, in case of a conflict, Austria would help Bulgaria diplomatically and militarily. Further, we have it on the authority of M. Take Jonescu that in the same month Count Berchtold instructed Count Fuerstenburg (Austrian Minister at Bucarest) to inform the Rumanian Government that Austria-Hungary was ready to defend Bulgaria by force of arms. Austria endeavored to fulfil her promises to Bulgaria simultaneously with the signature of the Treaty of Bucarest, and we know from the declarations made by Signor Giolitti in the Italian Parliament that the fulfilment of her intention was only rendered impossible by the refusal of Italy to countenance the proposed offensive.

We may therefore assume without any fear of contradiction that the Bulgarian attack on Greece and Serbia in 1913 was undertaken in collusion with Austria-Hungary. Bulgarian writers themselves admit this, and by way of example I may quote from an article written by D. Misheff, a Bulgarian Deputy, in the magazine "Svobodno Mneniye" in 1915. In that article he writes:—"It is no longer possible to deny that Bulgaria was drawn into the war of the allies by Austria-Hungary. That war was of a vital importance for Austria, and in order to provoke an armed conflict she had in all probability promised that she would support Bulgaria not only diplomatically, but also by other and more efficacious measures—that is to say, by war!"

Sir Edwin Pears also suggests that I should substantiate a further statement to the effect that General Savoff gave it as his opinion that the armed might of the Triple Alliance was greater than that of the Triple Entente. This can be proved by the following letter written by General Savoff to the Bulgarian Prime Minister on May 14th-27th, 1914, No. 4,463, which I will proceed to quote in full:—

"Kindly allow me also to express my opinion on the questions which are at this moment engrossing the attention both of the nation and the army.

"In view of the preponderance which we should possess over the united Serbian and Greek armies, and in view of the fact that our success is assured in the event of an armed conflict with them, unyielding and energetic attitude towards our allies will force them to accept our proposals in order to escape from an inevitable defeat. We should be in a position to declare war the moment our allies fail to give us satisfaction. Such readiness on our part will favorably impress the Powers of the Triple Entente, by whose attitude our allies are encouraged to maintain their unrealizable pretensions.

"Judging from the events, we may take it as an absolute fact that in the end Russia and France will prefer to satisfy Bulgaria, if only because they fear that she will escape from the sphere of their influence, rather than satisfy Serbia and Greece, whose pretensions they have so far energetically supported in the name of so-called balance of power in the Balkans. The Triple Entente will be obliged to do so because when the armed forces of the great powers are divided into two groups (viz., the Triple

Alliance and the Triple Entente), a preponderance will be with that group with which Bulgaria sides. A greater Bulgaria will be in a position to provide fourteen to fifteen army corps, with an approved reputation on the battlefield, whereas the Serbs and Greeks will never, either now or in the future, be able to produce such an army either in respect to numbers or military value. Consequently, it is perfectly obvious that the preponderance, even from a political point of view, will be with that group which is joined by Bulgaria. *At the present time the preponderance is on the side of the powers of the Triple Alliance, because France is not in a position to increase her forces, which are numerically weaker than the German Army, and it is doubtful whether the proposed law for the three years' service will render much assistance, inasmuch as the proposal is meeting with great resistance from the masses.*

"If Bulgaria, with her great army, openly joins the Triple Entente, the balance will be changed in its favor. It is true that that preponderance would be greater still if the Serbs and Greeks also joined the Triple Entente.

"But of the two groups—Bulgaria on the one side and Serbia and Greece on the other—Bulgaria is much to be preferred, because she will weigh more heavily in the balance. The importance of Bulgaria as an armed power is, in these days, of vital importance to the general European policy. This position gives us every reason to demand that in the delimitation our rights should be respected. It is necessary that Russia and France should be convinced both by words as well as deeds that we are determined to go to extremities if our rights are not respected.

"Out of consideration for the arguments which I have set forward, I take it upon myself once again to request you to insist that the signature of a separate peace with the Turks shall take place on Friday if by that day it has not also been signed by our allies. This action will not be favorably regarded by some of the Powers, but we may rest assured that they, fearing to lose us, will be obliged to change their tone. And we, after the signature of that peace, will be able to throw an additional division into Macedonia against the Serbs, when they, together with the Greeks, will hide themselves in 'mouseholes.' And their protectors, desiring neither to expose Serbia to war nor to lose us, will lose no time in advising the Serbs to satisfy us."

I do not think that it is necessary to complete the translation of General Savoff's long letter. It is a striking comment upon the mentality which drove Bulgaria to war in 1913.

There is, I think, one other letter which should be quoted from the recently-published Bulgarian diplomatic documents, and which enjoys extreme importance in view of the present crisis. It is essential to us to understand the aims and objects of the politicians who at present control the destinies of the Bulgarian nation. We are well aware, of course, of the many considerations which cause King Ferdinand to lean towards an *entente* with our enemies; but it is by no means reassuring to find that Dr. Radoslavoff has completely committed himself to an Austrophil policy in recent years. Will you allow me, therefore, to add the translation of a letter which Dr. Radoslavoff, in association with Dr. Ghenadieff and M. Toncheff, addressed to King Ferdinand on July 19th, 1913, and which led to his elevation to the Premiership?

"Your Majesty,—On the occasion of our invitation to the consultation at the Palace, we expressed to you our opinion that in order to secure an advantageous solution of our conflict with Greece and Serbia by war, it would be absolutely necessary to secure ourselves against attack by Turkey and Roumania, and to obtain the support of Austria-Hungary. Although all the conditions necessary for the development of such a policy were at our disposal, no heed was paid to our advice. The policy of complete subservience to Russia was continued, despite the evident evils (which every day increased in gravity) of that course, and in that manner Bulgaria was brought to this present critical hour.

"We think to-day, as we thought then, that the salvation of our state can only be found in a policy of intimate friendship with Austria-Hungary. Such a policy should be adopted immediately and without hesitation, for every hour is full of fate. We invite your Majesty to act to-day and at once in order to save Bulgaria from further misfortune, and your dynasty from increased responsibility."

It is a knowledge of the tendency which has guided Dr. Radoslavoff in the past which has led some of us to feel that, with the failure of Mr. Gueshoff's recent protest against the Austrophil policy of King Ferdinand and his Cabinet, all hope of drawing Bulgaria to our side passed away. I do not wish to criticize the present situation in the Balkans in your paper, and I will content myself by pointing out that while we are negotiating, Bulgaria is

mobilizing and placing herself in a position to strike swiftly and surely should a favorable opportunity present itself.—Yours, &c.,

CRAWFORD PRICE.

September 30th, 1915.

"WAR AND THE BIRTH-RATE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to enter a protest against the tone of the letter of Mr. Havelock Ellis in your issue of September 25th?

Having worked at this subject for many years, I trust that I can tolerate his opinions, though they are contrary to my own. But the tone which he adopts renders all courteous reasoning impossible. He treats those from whom he differs as a set of "imbeciles." He pretends that those with whom he agrees are the whole of the thoughtful world. And he adjusts his history, by a strange precision, to suit his purpose. Let me give instances.

The ancient Greeks are taken as his model of the success of the methods of limitation of population. But it is well known that Sparta, which gave the inspiration to Plato's chief work, "The Republic," perished for lack of men; and Aristotle, who recommends in his "Politics" the practice of abortion, saw the process of the wane of Athens.

In Rome, the fear of the lack of men was felt so early that Augustus published his law, "Lex trium Liberorum," but uselessly, for the decay of fruitful marriage went on, as we see by the writings of the last generation of imperial Rome, till the Goths and Germans replaced them with their more powerful virility.

Pass on to the time of the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century, which Mr. Ellis so much laments for its increased population. The increase of Englishmen excited the alarm of Malthus, and his prediction of coming evil through overcrowding. But experience showed him to have been mistaken. The heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo, the vast galaxy of English poets between 1800 and 1830, the great array of British inventions, do not suggest the idea of a decaying people; and it was the energy developed among them which produced the great era of reform, and the colonization of Australia, Canada, and South Africa.

A large part of the moral greatness of our people has resulted from the struggles of the parents of large families, and those who have worked among the poor can tell of large families with small means who have been at least as good social powers as their neighbors. It is true that there are slums in our great cities, and that the state of our poorer classes has at times been a disgrace to us. But there never was an epoch in which, so much as in the present, philanthropists and governments, both in the country generally and in the municipalities, were so much alive to these evils, and so successful in combating them. Mr. Ellis speaks of the attempt to counteract that which has truly been called the perishing of the race as an "imbecile propaganda." He would have us sit down and submit to the paralysis of the race, while he looks upon its vigorous increase as a "menace to the world." Let him hold his opinion, but let him correct his history, his outlook, and his mode of expressing his views.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. FREMANTLE.

The Deanery, Ripon. September 28th, 1915.

"NATIONALITY AND THE WAR."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee's "Nationality and the War." Every one of the hundred problems touched upon by the author has proved vexing, even to specialists, and it was inevitable that in his enforced reliance upon second-hand authorities, Mr. Arnold Toynbee should be led into many questionable statements. The close alliance between England and France makes it imperative that the British public should not be misled about questions vitally affecting their neighbors and friends; and I must beg leave to call your attention to a few points relating to France, about which I cannot accept Mr. Toynbee's facts nor agree with his conclusions.

"The Corsicans, he says, are left blank (on the map of

nationalities, which means that their national preferences are doubtful), though they speak an Italian dialect, because it is certain that they would be no less irked by an administration controlled from Rome as by the present government organized by France" (p. 505).

Mr. Toynbee overlooks the fact that the magic of Napoleon's career has created an indissoluble bond between France and Corsica. This sentiment is stronger in the island than in continental France. Nor is the tie purely a sentimental one. For over a century Corsicans have been numerous and prominent in the French Army (although in a smaller measure than the Alsatians), and, during the two Empires they were swarming in the civil, and particularly in the secret, service. That the outlaws in the Maquis would be irked by any form of government is freely granted. But there is no hankering after independent national life among the upper and middle classes.

Italy, the author believes, should give up her claims to Trieste; and, as a compensation, might receive Nizza (Nice), dear to her as Garibaldi's birthplace (p. 253). But were not the inhabitants of Nice consulted by a plebiscite? Was not their verdict unanimously in favor of re-annexation to France? It must have been a painful sacrifice for Victor-Emanuel II. to give up Savoy, his ancestral domain, and for Garibaldi to see his native city pass under a foreign flag. But the bitterness of the transaction was so completely forgotten that in 1870-1871, Garibaldi placed his sword at the service of France, just as his friends did in 1914. Garibaldi is almost as much of a national hero in France as in Italy. I may add that the large cosmopolitan Nice of 1915 is very different from the minor Italian city of fifty-five years ago.

I come to the most tangled and the most important of all these questions, that of Alsace-Lorraine. Mr. Arnold Toynbee would give Metz and the surrounding villages to France, German-speaking Lorraine and Northern Alsace to Germany; as for Middle and Upper Alsace, from Strasbourg to Mulhouse, he hesitates: "The portion of the German Reichsland included in the medieval province of Alsace is left blank, because the nationality of the Alsatians can only be decided by the population itself, and it has never yet had the opportunity to formulate its will" (p. 505).

Now, this is a striking instance of the heresies into which a fair and careful investigator may be led by the lure of the linguistic map. The dividing-line between German (or rather Teutonic dialects) and French in Alsace is not geographical but social; furthermore, in this case at least, cultural and political sympathies are not governed by linguistic affinities. The whole entrancing problem would need a volume to be properly elucidated; suffice it to say that at Wissemburg and Sarreguemines Mr. Arnold Toynbee would have found the same hostility to Prussianism, the same warm sympathy for France, as at Saverne, Colmar, or Mulhouse. Metz, on the contrary, has been artificially colonized by Germans, in such a way that the aboriginal Lorraine population is now a minority.

"Alsace has never had a chance to express its will"! No population in Europe has been so freely and repeatedly consulted. In 1871, when the National Assembly was elected, Alsace was under the iron rule of the German troops; the invaders had made clear their will to keep the conquered province as part of their newly-arisen empire: yet the specially-elected representatives of Alsace-Lorraine protested unanimously against their annexation to Germany, and their protest rings to the present day in the heart of every one who believes in democracy and international justice. For a whole generation, in spite of relentless pressure on the part of the German officials, all the Alsatian representatives in the Reichstag kept up that protest. It was not until Alsace had to give up the hope that France would fight for her that the autonomist movement arose as a substitute for the desired return to France.

I am well aware that forty-five years have made a difference, that over 200,000 Alsatians and Lorrainers have emigrated into France, that even larger numbers of "Old-Germans," as they style themselves, have moved into the Reichsland, and that a plebiscite would not find Alsace to-day so unanimous as she was from 1871 to 1887. And I know for a fact that an overwhelming majority among the Alsatians would have preferred even the strictest Prussian rule to the horrors of a European conflict. But the fact

remains that Alsace has expressed her will, repeatedly and unequivocally.

I suppose we must be thankful that Mr. Toynbee has not discovered any more "questions." He might as well have told us that Roussillon was yearning for union with Catalonia, and that the French Basques were meditating a rising; the Flemings of Hazebrouck and Dunkirk might have been credited with Pangermanist tendencies, and the Bretons with Panceltic aspirations; Switzerland once coveted the now neutralized zone of Savoy; and we should not forget that Rodolphe Salis demanded that Montmartre should be made independent of the French State.

I am sure that Mr. Arnold Toynbee is animated by no anti-French bias. I know, out of bitter experience, how difficult it is, when attempting to be fair to one's enemies, not to overshoot the mark and be unjust to one's friends. But the European nightmare will not be dispelled until the evil work of Frederic II. and Bismarck is undone, even as Napoleon's was destroyed. This I hope the true friends of peace, among whom I count the bulk of the British nation, have thoroughly realized by this time.—Yours, &c.,

(PROFESSOR) A. L. GUÉRAUD.

Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

September 12th, 1915.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From time to time the columns of THE NATION have borne witness to the apprehensions generally entertained as to the likely effect upon liberty of speech and writing of the Defence of the Realm Acts and the regulations framed thereunder. Several prosecutions have now taken place which throw a good deal of light upon this vital matter. The present writer, who has enjoyed special opportunities of watching the operation of these new statutes upon freedom of speech and printing, feels bound to express a strong opinion that the historic rights of the Press of this Realm have been placed in grave jeopardy.

It will be useful to indicate at once the procedure which is being followed in these cases. The Director of Public Prosecutions (by whom, in actual practice, is meant the Attorney-General) decides that the publication of certain words appears to constitute a Press offence under the Defence of the Realm Acts (Regulation 56 [13]). This public official is then empowered by the same regulation to investigate the case and to determine whether or not it should be proceeded with. If he decides that the case shall be tried, this same public official is authorized to decide whether the case is to be tried by a court of summary jurisdiction or by a civil court with a jury, or, subject to the rights of the offender, if a British subject, under the Defence of the Realm (Amendment) Act, 1915, and to the consent of the Admiralty or Army Council, by court-martial.

It will be noticed that the ancient right to trial by jury is taken away from the citizen and vested in a public official, who is the mouthpiece of a Minister of the Crown. Thus the historic protection of the press afforded by the right to be judged by a jury of citizens is absolutely abrogated, if this public official so decides. So much for the institution of proceedings.

Let us now see, in the light of experience, what follows. Denied the right of access to a jury, the unfortunate writer is brought before a magistrate. As has actually happened in several cases, the representative of the same official who has withdrawn the case from a jury may at once apply that the case may be heard behind closed doors. The right of free and open trial is thus completely negatived. The writer has known an eminent Liberal lawyer to declare that he does not understand what the phrase "free and open trial" means. It is not unlikely that he will read this letter, and as there may be others in a similar doubt, it will be convenient to define this great and historic right of British citizens. A "free and open trial" means a trial unimpeded by difficulties imposed thereon by the prosecution, and a trial which takes place in open court. The principle to which this custom gives effect is that the citizen called upon by public process to answer to matters preferred against him by the Crown shall be entitled to make his answers thereto in the presence and hearing of his fellow-citizens. Put shortly, it means

that the publicity attaching to the charge shall be afforded to the answer. Englishmen have suffered the severest penalties of repressive governments to gain this right, and, if necessary, their successors will doubtless suffer again.

Attention has been directed to the growing tendency of the Public Prosecutor to demand, and the magistrates to grant, a hearing *in camera* under the Defence of the Realm Acts.

In cases where the matters involved may affect the public safety, this course is fully justified. But there is good reason to fear that advantage is being taken of the phrase "in the public interest" to hurry behind closed doors any issue in regard to which the Crown's representative may choose to employ this grave description. A case was recently reported in which a worthy Alderman refused to hear counsel for the defendants as to whether this discretion vested in the magistrate to order a trial *in camera* should be exercised against his clients. In this case the counsel for the Crown made no attempt to give his reasons for invoking the public interest. Had he declared that the matters in question might hamper or embarrass the movements of His Majesty's Forces by sea or land or reveal information likely to benefit the enemy, no reasonable objection could have been offered to his application. But if the practice is to be built up in a grave posture of affairs that, without cause alleged or reasons shown, the representative of the Crown can secure the private trial of citizens and no opportunity is to be afforded to the defendants to be heard on the question whether that right of "free and open" trial shall be denied them, we have reached a situation fraught with grave peril to the liberty of the Press.

"A great state," said Burke, "ought to have some regard to its ancient maxims." There can be no doubt, as the result of experience of the procedure followed under the Defence of the Realm Acts, that some of the ancient maxims of this Realm are being disregarded. In so far as it is the result of magisterial action which can be cured by advice from the Home Secretary, that advice should be forthcoming. In so far as these defects are created by Acts of Parliament framed in circumstances of grave excitement causing hurry and want of due consideration, they should be remedied by Parliament itself at the earliest moment.—Yours, &c.,

LEGALIST.

The Temple, September 30th, 1915.

CONSUMPTION AND PRODUCTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While agreeing with the main conclusions of your article on "The Demand of the Nation," I venture to think that the financial argument on which they are based fails to take certain important factors into account. Will you allow me, therefore, to state the position as I see it?

In the first place—as you clearly realize, but as the country as a whole fails to realize—the essential problem is not financial but economic. However much the operation of loans, taxes, treasury bills, and other financial instruments may make the problem appear to be one of money, it is in reality a question of productivity. The nation is consuming, in addition to the food, clothes, shelter, transport, and amusements, &c., of the civil population, immense quantities of war materials and stores both for its own troops and for its allies. How has it managed up till now to produce all this? And how can it produce what may be demanded in the future? What we have to find is a balance between production on the one side and consumption on the other.

Commencing with production, you assume in your article that because before the war the value of the national income was about 2,400 millions of pounds, therefore it is the same or certainly not more than that to-day. This assumption is, I think, incorrect for three reasons. First, the people of the nation are working very much harder than they did before, and there is less unemployment.* Secondly, the

money-value of the things produced has been increased. Thirdly, labor that in times of peace would have to be spent in repairing depreciation of capital has gone to production of income. As a rough guess, I place the increase from the first two sources at 400 millions, and the increase from the third at 200 millions, giving a total income production to-day of 3,000 millions.

Turning to consumption, it is usually reckoned that, out of the 2,400 millions, 300 millions are saved in peace time; to this may be added a further 200 millions of special saving in war time, giving a total consumption of 1,800 millions. This leaves a balance of 1,100 millions, which, together with some 200 million pounds' worth of goods advanced by the United States of America and other neutral nations, gives 1,300 millions spent on the war. This will be seen more readily in the following rough balance-sheet:—

PRODUCTION.		Million £s.
Normal production of income in peace ...		2,400
Excess production to-day (including wages of soldiering) ...		400
Depreciation of capital not made good ...		200
		<hr/> 3,000
Goods advanced by neutral countries ...		200
		<hr/>
CONSUMPTION.		
Normal consumption ...	2,100	
Less special savings ...	200	
	<hr/>	1,900
War consumption ...		1,300
		<hr/> 3,200

When we look to the future we see the war consumption going up by leaps and bounds. Can this be met? We may induce neutral countries to advance us a little more, but not very much. We dare not, even if it be possible, allow a much greater depreciation of capital to go unrepaired than at present. Our people, many of whom are already seriously overworked, cannot turn out more work. The only possible thing is to spend less.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

87, Clement's Inn, W.C.

September 28th, 1915.

STARVING EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of us who have for years been working in the cause of the education of the workers have reason to feel grateful to THE NATION for the able article on "Economy and Education" a couple of weeks ago.

There are in the field of education politics highly disquieting signs, and the outlook for public education is black, alike in the metropolis and the rest of the country. Strenuous efforts will be needed on the part of those who care for education if the standard of school life for the workers' children is not to be lowered, with a necessary consequent lowering of the standard of life for the workers as a whole.

After the long years of educational work, in which numerous propagandists have advocated medical inspection and medical treatment of school children, it is disappointing to find that the Local Government Board is refusing loans for school clinics—this, too, in face of the fact that nearly 1,000,000 young men have during the past thirteen months been rejected as physically unfit for military service.

Not only has there been a determined and not unsuccessful attempt to lower the age for leaving school, but we hear also that the age for entering school is to be raised. Further, as "Civis" pointed out in his letter under the head "Starving Education," one threatened "economy" is a reduction in the number of teachers.

There are indications that in London many stringent "economies" are to be carried out. Rumors are afloat as to what has been taking place behind closed doors during

*I am including in "production" the services rendered to the nation by the soldiers, reckoned at their wage value. This is right, because the cost of paying the wages is included in the expenditure of the nation on the war. If it be objected that soldiering is non-productive and therefore that it ought not to be included in production, then the same figure has to be deducted also from the consumption side of the account, so that it makes no difference to the final result on the balance-sheet.

the lengthy recess, and it is to be hoped that close scrutiny will be brought to bear on the various "economies" which the Chairman of the Education Committee will invite the Council to endorse when it reassembles. During the past two months the power of the Chairman of the Education Committee of the London County Council has, indeed, been great, and it is an interesting fact, and one which students of our present-day education politics may possibly find worthy of note, that during this period, when important changes are being determined upon, the control of the education of some 800,000 children in London has been practically in the hands of one man—Alderman Gilbert—who owes his seat on the Council, not to the votes of the electors, but to the undemocratic system of co-option introduced into public education authorities by the education legislation of 1902 and 1903. The near future will tell us something at least of the use which has been made of this great power. However, it is possible that at this bed-rock time the thoughts of organized labor may revert to the bed-rock principle—that publicly-supported education should be publicly controlled, the principle that claims for the workers a voice in determining how far the education of the democracy is to be crippled by "economies."—Yours, &c.,

M. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Bebel House, Working Women's College.
September 30th, 1915.

CONSCRIPTION v. NATIONAL TRAINING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You are strongly opposed to conscription, and rightly I think. Not that it is undemocratic or fosters a spirit of "militarism." Witness France, Italy, Russia: the two former thoroughly democratic countries, and the latter by no means a military people. But I think we want something better than our present system, or rather want of system. What we want is national training, begun in the schools, public, private, and elementary, and continued on an improved territorial system; in fact, something like, *mutatis mutandis*, the Swiss system. I have seen the Swiss forces in training, all excellent—infantry, cavalry, and artillery alike. This is what we want for home defence. If we had had this, we should not have had to make frantic efforts and undignified appeals to raise the millions of men required. You cannot improvise an army, large or small; it has taken nearly a year to make our new Armies. If we had had national training for the last ten years we should have had an immense body of fairly-trained men who in a few weeks would have been fit for the front.

Every boy and man physically fit should be trained to drill and shoot. For service abroad any number of these would volunteer. I hope you will persist in your unrelenting opposition to conscription, but will also preach the necessity of national training from boyhood upward.

We are not doing all we can. Here in Chamonix I believe there is not a Frenchman of military age and physically fit who has not gone to the front. The manager here is Swiss, so is the *concierge*; the head waiter Italian. Couttet's Hotel, so well known to English visitors, is closed; both the brothers Couttet are serving in the Army. The fields are filled with cattle tended by old men and women, boys and girls. Chamonix presents a strange contrast to its usual aspect at this time. Only about five or six of the thirty hotels are open, and many of the shops are shut. In this hotel, holding 250 people, there are at present four visitors besides myself, three French ladies and one Italian, all leaving to-morrow.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT COWIE.

Chamonix. September 21st, 1915.

RECRUITING IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Without in any way discussing the points for or against voluntary service, I hope you will allow me to correct a mis-statement that occurs in a letter in your last issue. A "Yorkshire Liberal Agent" states that "The only part of

the United Kingdom from which it has been impossible to raise a contingent for overseas service is the Channel Islands, where compulsory service prevails." I enclose a copy of this week's "Guernsey Star," in which you will see that from Guernsey alone close on 1,300 men have joined the Army, of which number 623 are militiamen. To anyone who knows the part played by the Islands in the great wars of the past, not only in the Army, but perhaps even more in the Navy, your correspondent's statement will seem an amazing one. If he does not know the Islands, then I shall not be alone in thinking he should have made more certain of his facts.—Yours, &c.,

A FRIEND OF THE ISLANDS.

September 29th, 1915.

Poetry.

POKEY DUBS.

AMID green sheepfields, edged with ragged hedges,
Where lone straws catch among the thorny branches,
A weary, muddy road-track sullen runs
To a lone, grey farm. On the rough-hewn post
The trespass-board was leaning all awry
When I passed there, all heavy with the rain,
And read: "This way to Pokey Dubs is private."
And then I thought of how the man might be
Who owned this silent farm and barren house;
How he, with grey hairs, much too old for work,
Still worked, because it was his father's place;
And how his wife had grown quite pale with work,
And died, because she hated the lone trees
That restless bent against the uneasy wind;
And how she had a daughter, very fair,
With mournful eyes, who thought on many things,
And had no food for it, and went about
As in a dream; and how the laborers
Wondered she was so quiet. But their wage
Was too small for much dreaming, so they ceased,
And Jerry, with his hands stretched to the fire,
In the dark, draughty kitchen, laughed and said:
"Ah, Ruth's all well; we never, never were
A family for much speaking: like the fields";
And chuckled drily. So Ruth wore away
Her heart in much desiring of all things
That seemed beyond the border of the hills.
Until one day, in the chill afternoons
Of wet December, when the road was mud,
Her father was thus speaking, and she ran
Out of the room, and right out to the door,
Across the yard, nor heeded the tossed wind,
That blew her pale brown hair across her face
Nor the thin rain that cut her; and, forlorn,
Stood gazing down the cart-track, looking out
At the mist-blotted hills, with parted lips,
Calling in silence; waited a long time,
So it did seem, her eyes full of big tears;
Nor saw the dead leaves on the branches shake,
The yellow grasses miserable in the fields,
The marks of the sheep's feet deep in the mud,
The wet stones grey with lichen in the walls;
But only the great calling of her heart,
And the world's loneliness that mixed with hers.
Ruth waited thus a time, and still did pause,
Wan with a hope impossible; and looked
Adown the way in silence, 'neath the grey,
Slow-moving clouds of heaven, dull with wet;
But none e'er came that way to Pokey Dubs.

MARGOT ROBERT ADAMSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Theism and Humanism." Gifford Lectures. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study." By Forrest Reid. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Quintessence of Capitalism." By Werner Sombart. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
 "The Romance of Sorcery." By Sax Rohmer. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The French in the Heart of America." By John Finley. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Tiger Slayer By Order." By C. E. Gouldsbury. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Victorians." By Netta Syrett. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

* * *

A CERTAIN learned professor told me the other day, in a manner that suggested pride as well as regret, that he had made up his mind to give up reading newspapers. He seemed to mean what he said, and the reason he gave is of concern to the world of books. It was not that he had any fault to find with newspapers, or that he wanted to imitate Mr. Balfour, or that he found a lack of variety in the contents of the French dispatch. His reason was that he had not read a great number of books with which everybody else seemed to be familiar. He confessed that he had not read either Milton or Gibbon completely through, that he was not one of the few and weary who have been in at the death of the *Blatant Beast*, that several books by Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett had escaped his notice, that vast tracts of darkest Henry James were for him unexplored lands, and that he was absolutely ignorant of Vorticist poetry. These sins of omission had made life almost intolerable for the professor. He found that whenever the subject of books was mentioned he had either to be silent or to act the hypocrite, for if he dared to confess any of his sins of omission, he was promptly set down as an illiterate person.*

* * *

THIS tyranny of what one may call the obligatory books is a terrible thing. It is the fruit of literary snobbishness, and it leads to disingenuousness and even actual deceit. There is an amusing story told by James Payn of an unhappy young woman who for years concealed the terrible fact that she did not think "John Gilpin" funny. She confessed her secret to Payn, and was comforted by the assurance that he, too, had always found it dull. Guilty secrets of unread books are locked in many breasts, and there are still people who, as Swift said, "treat books as they do lords, they learn their titles and then boast of their acquaintance." Yet this submission to the tyranny is as needless as it is abject. Many of the authors whom everybody is supposed to have read were themselves quite ready to admit their ignorance of some of the obligatory books. Lamb waved aside Gibbon, Hume, and a whole tribe of them with a flourish of his pen. Leigh Hunt tells us that he never read a whole play of either Ford or Massinger. Moore found Chaucer "unreadable," Chesterfield could not read Milton, but he had not the moral courage to admit it. "Keep this secret for me," he wrote; "for if should it be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant and every solid divine in Europe." Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, owned frankly to Beattie that he never read Milton through until he was in search of words for his dictionary. "I confess," said "A. K. H. B.," "that I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton. I value the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' more highly than all the writings of Shelley put together."

* * *

WE may lament "A. K. H. B.'s" taste, but we cannot deny him honesty or courage. "An appreciation of 'Paradise Lost,'" wrote Mark Pattison, "is the reward of exquisite scholarship." Exquisite scholars are fewer in number than the people who put on an air of superiority towards the man who says he does not enjoy Milton. One effect of this persecution is that even those who do not read the obligatory books feel compelled to buy them. Lord Morley told us some years ago that when he spent a good deal of time perambulating England for political or

other purposes, he was constantly appalled by the trumpery books he found on the shelves of most of his entertainers. That was before the days of Mr. Dent and the shilling reprint. To-day he would find many of the obligatory books in every household. Whether they are more read than they used to be is doubtful:—

"Nor altogether fool is he, who orders, free from doubt,
 Those books which no good library should ever be without;
 And blandly locks the well-glazed door
 On tomes that issue never more."

After all, reading is not a duty, and there is no need to make it disagreeable. "Books," said Montaigne, "are a languid pleasure." That pleasure is not likely to become any keener if we are not permitted to indulge our own tastes.

* * *

AND yet how hard it is to be a literary nonconformist! Those who take upon themselves to direct our reading do it in such solemn tones, and hound us along what are to them the pleasant paths of letters with so authoritative a bearing, that rebellion is almost impossible. Listen to Mr. Frederic Harrison, for example:—

"Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain-tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm," he tells us, "there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the 'Cid,' the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' and 'Lycidas' pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Red Cross Knight'; if he thinks 'Crusoe' and the 'Vicar' books for the young; if he thrill not with 'The Ode to the West Wind' and 'The Ode to a Grecian Urn'; if he have no stomach for 'Christabel' or the lines written on 'The Wye above Tintern Abbey,' he should fall on his knees, and pray for a cleaner and quieter spirit."

What can be the reply to this of a man who frankly enjoys detective stories? How abject he must feel!

* * *

"If the public do not know what books to read," was Andrew Lang's comment on a discussion of the best books, "it is not for lack of cheap and copious instruction." A large share of this instruction aims at guiding our choice in fiction. In an earlier age our literary dictators used to frown upon all novels in the interest of the obligatory books. But when novels rose to the obligatory rank they began to imitate Burns's Cottar—"He wales a portion with judicious care." And in the process of "waling" they pour their contempt, not upon the guilty author of a third-rate novel, but upon the patient public who allow him to live. The public, easy-going and unconcerned, pays little heed to these strictures, except for a frightened minority, who are either bluffed into reading what bores them, or gratify their own tastes furtively and like a secret drinker. "An insatiable appetite for new novels," Mr. Frederic Harrison tells us in tones of solemn warning, "makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country." But if the boulevardier is happy in his Paris, why babble to him perpetually about green fields?

* * *

ROGERS's remark that when a new book came out he read an old one, and Royer-Collard's "Je ne lis plus, je relis," have been applauded more than they deserve. Hazlitt was undoubtedly right when he said that books, like wine and unlike women, are none the worse for being old. It is equally true that they are none the worse for being new. The golden rule in reading is to read what you like, "to read for human delight," as Edward Fitzgerald put it. And if I am reproached for holding this creed, I can shelter myself behind so great a bookman as Sir Leslie Stephen:—

"It sometimes strikes readers of books," is his reflection, "that literature is, on the whole, a snare and a delusion. Writers, of course, do not generally share that impression; and, on the contrary, have said a great many fine things about conversing with the choice minds of all ages. . . . But at times we are disposed to retort upon our teachers. 'Are you not,' we observe, 'exceedingly inclined to humbug?'"

Or, as an American essayist puts it, one would rather hear some men talk about the dishes they have eaten than the books they have read. They put more feeling into it.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

FURTHER FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.

"Theism and Humanism." Gifford Lectures. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

A PROMINENT politician has seldom leisure for or interest in literature. More seldom still in theology. It is only in England that a religious treatise could come from the pen of a party leader; and even in England the world is changing; it is difficult to conceive the present Prime Minister writing "*Juventus Mundi*," or Mr. Bonar Law "*Lothair*." Mr. Balfour retains the grand style of a former generation: to the "*Defence of Philosophic Doubt*" and the "*Foundations of Belief*" he adds a third, but not, we hope, a final, work designed on similar lines—"Theism and Humanism," the Gifford Lectures for 1914.

By the terms of the Trust these Lectures are confined to what is called Natural Religion. Sanctioned by usage as it is, the distinction which the epithet connotes is open to question; Natural Religion, like the social contract, exists for thought rather than in things. To the question "Where was the Garden of Eden?" it has been answered, "In the imagination of early mankind." So with Natural Religion. No one ever held or taught it: it is an abstraction or residuum left behind by concrete religions when the rest of the conception has been thought away. The evidences of religion are historical and psychological; religion is part both of civilization and of the furniture of the mind. But the isolation of such notions as God, freedom, and immortality is formal:—

"*Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias*":

the proofs, however irrefutable, do not convince.

There are beliefs which, as Mr. Balfour says, are "inevitable"—that is, which, think as we will, we cannot think away. But they are to be found rather in the concrete or (if we may call them so) clothed facts of religious experience than in the spectral dance of defœcated credenda with which Natural Religion deals. A philosopher tells us that metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; adding that to find those reasons is no less an instinct. Hence the Gifford Trust—from the limitations of which not even Mr. Balfour, nor (to trim the political balance) Lord Haldane, whose "*Pathway to Reality*" occurs in this connection, has escaped. "To love unsatisfied," says our philosopher again, "the world is mystery, a mystery which love satisfied seems to comprehend. The latter is wrong only because it cannot be content without thinking itself right." And, if Gifford Lecturers fail to convince us of Natural Religion, they may at least keep us off the rocks of Natural Irreligion. For if Theism chastises us with whips, Atheism chastises us—a new Rehoboam—with scorpions: its difficulties are more and greater than those, real as they are, which accompany belief.

Mr. Balfour repudiates the common misconception of his argument which represents it as a sceptical apologetic for traditionalism. When all is uncertain, why object uncertainty against religion in particular? "What do I know of substance or matter?" says Cardinal Newman. "Just as much as the greatest philosophers; and that is nothing at all." The conclusion being Transubstantiation. "I cannot, indeed, prove it . . . but I say 'What's to hinder it? Why should it not be?'" The line of thought is perilous:

"These violent delights have violent ends."

Mr. Balfour is too sincere a thinker to indulge in sophistry of this sort; and the autobiographical section in which he describes and justifies his revolt against "the complacent dogmatism of this empirical philosophy, which in Great Britain reigned supreme through the third quarter of the nineteenth century," is of great importance and interest.

"I went to Cambridge in the middle 'sixties with a very small equipment of either philosophy or science, but with a very keen desire to discover *what* I ought to think of the world, and *why*. For the history of speculation I cared not a jot. Dead systems"—surely a paradoxical view for a philosopher?—"seemed to me of no more interest than abandoned fashions. My business was with

the groundwork of living beliefs; in particular, with the groundwork of that scientific knowledge whose recent developments had so profoundly stirred mankind. And surely there was nothing perverse in asking modern philosophers to provide us with a theory of modern science!"

"I was referred to Mill; and the shock of disillusionment remains with me to the present hour. Mill possessed at that time an authority in the English Universities, and, for anything I know to the contrary, in the Scotch Universities also, comparable to that wielded forty years earlier by Hegel in Germany and in the Middle Ages by Aristotle. Precisely the kind of questions which I wished to put, his *Logic* was deemed qualified to answer. He was supposed to have done what Bacon tried to do and failed. He had provided science with a philosophy.

"I could have forgiven the claims made for him by his admirers . . . if he had ever displayed any serious misgiving as to the scope and validity of his empirical methods. . . . But he seemed to hold, in common with the whole empirical school of which, in English-speaking countries, he was the head, that the fundamental difficulties of knowledge do not begin till the frontier is crossed which divides physics from metaphysics, the natural from the supernatural, the world of 'phenomena' from the world of 'noumena,' 'positive' experiences from religious dreams. It may be urged that, if these be errors, they are errors shared by ninety-nine out of every hundred persons educated in the atmosphere of Western civilization, whatever be their theological views; and I admit that it has sunk deep into our ordinary habits of thought. Apologetics are saturated with it, not less than agnosticism or infidelity. But for my own part, I feel now, as I felt in the early days of which I am speaking, that the problem of knowledge cannot properly be sundered in this fashion. Its difficulties begin with the convictions of common sense, not with remote, or subtle, or other-worldly speculations; and if we could solve the problem in respect of the beliefs which, roughly speaking, everybody shares, we might see our way more clearly in respect of the beliefs on which many people are profoundly divided."

Things were, perhaps, not as bad as Mr. Balfour represents them. Cambridge is the University of common-sense—and common-sense, it is true, is apt to degenerate into common nonsense. But at Oxford, the University of Ideas, at the very period referred to, Jowett was teaching men to question orthodoxies and unorthodoxies alike, and so to work out their own intellectual salvation; Thomas Hill Green was showing that phenomenalism was the negation of thinking; and at Glasgow the Cairds, working on the lines of historical Scottish speculation, were laying the foundation of the neo-Hegelian School. The history of speculation has its uses. It is well, it reminds us, that tendencies which fail to command permanent assent should be represented in current thought—the same may be said of political parties in Parliament. Mill was an antidote to Mansel, whose muddy paradoxes were, in their time, a danger to religion and a pitfall to thought. Nor is the criticism either of "Locke's pretentious aphorism" or of Sir Leslie Stephen's application of it beyond question. The appeal is to experience: and here, if skirmishing is carried on on the borderland, the central territory is clear.

"A distinguished agnostic once observed that in these days Christianity was not refuted, it was explained. Doubtless the difference between the two operations was, in his view, a matter rather of form than of substance. That which was once explained needed, he thought, no further refutation."

The reference is an essay on Robespierre, by Lord Morley of Blackburn. But part only of the writer's thought is given. "As history," he continues, "explains your dogma, so Science will dry it up; the conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible; the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of their nourishment, and men will turn their backs on your system, not because they have confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them. The great ship of your Church, once so stout and fair and well laden with destinies, is become a skeleton ship; it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work at it are no more than ghosts of dead men; and, at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay, down your ship will sink like lead or like stone to the deepest bottom." [Critical Miscel-

lanies," I., 81.] Do origins qualify values? it is asked; and the answer is that illegitimate origins assuredly do.

For the central position of these lectures, that "Humanism without Theism loses more than half its value," we have nothing but assent. But we doubt whether it can be established along the lines of so-called Natural Religion; and we doubt whether a sense of the undeniable *lacuna* of knowledge will lead men to religious belief. Rather, like M. Brunetière's famous "Bankruptcy of Science," it lends itself, however contrary to the intention of the distinguished men who urge it upon us, to the illicit purposes of those who, like Lot's wife, look back.

ANTE-WAR IDEALS.

"Political Ideals: Their Nature and Development." By C. DELISLE BURNS. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is, I think, the best book on its subject in the English language; but I have read it with a constant feeling that Mr. Delisle Burns could now write, and ought to write, a much better book. Part of my dissatisfaction may be due to the difficulty of treating at all in a single volume so vast a history as that of the political ideals of Europe from Athens to modern Germany. Part of it may be due to the fact that the chapters have been originally lectures, and that a lecturer's special temptation is to simplify and dramatize. As one reads the chapters on Athenian Liberty, Renaissance Sovereignty, Modern Imperialism, and the like, one finds oneself constructing imaginary lectures on Athenian Imperialism, Renaissance Liberty, and so on. Part of it is due to the inherent difficulty of using our curiously inefficient psychological vocabulary in discussing so complex a process as the influence of "ideals" on human conduct. Mr. Burns, for instance, begins his preface with the statement, "The thesis I propose to maintain is that modern politics is governed by the conceptions men have of a state of things which would be better than the present," and later on (p. 276) he varies the phrase by speaking of "the conceptions which men have of what is desirable" as constituting in part "the motive forces in the formation of the present." Such terms convey a subtle "intellectualist" implication, which seems to influence not only Mr. Burns's language, but, at times, his argument. Political action is caused by a complex of forces, in which intellectual conceptions of types of conduct and of the social effects expected to result from such conduct play their part. But the driving force of those conceptions does not depend solely on the clearness with which we imagine them, or on our intellectual conviction that their effects would be desirable. We know much more clearly than the contemporaries of St. Francis the meaning of certain sayings of Jesus, and are more ready to admit that human fraternity is desirable than were most Europeans in 1791 or 1848. Our knowledge, however, and our convictions seem for the moment, by a process which we can hardly describe without straining language to the breaking-point, to have lost their driving force.

But by far the most important defect in the book, for a reader in 1915, is the fact that it was apparently written before August 1914, and has only been revised by the insertion of a footnote here and a paragraph there since the war broke out. On almost every page one feels, "He would never have written this, if he had been writing now." Take what he writes about Liberty: "Everyone says 'Liberty,' and when everyone says it, no one means anything very definite by it. . . . Men in the past have died for this Liberty which has become a conventional sound" (p. 20). When the book was published, hundreds of thousands of Englishmen were already facing death for Liberty. There was nothing conventional about their clear and passionate determination that Belgium and Picardy should be saved from the fate of Zabern; nor are our present hopes and fears meaningless as to the effect of war upon personal and political freedom in England and Russia. The whole chapter, again, on Socialism assumes that the sole problem is the more equal division of that national income which existed in 1913. If in the new epoch all wealth above bare subsistence is to be nationalized throughout Europe in order that it may be exploded into the air or sunk in the sea; or if,

as Herr Helfferich hopes, the governments of Western Europe for the next generation are to own all property in their territories in order that they may pay a rack-rent to their German conquerors, the ideal of Socialism takes on a new and grimmer aspect.

After the catastrophe of 1914, if we are to understand the present or forecast the future of European civilization, we must see the past in an entirely new perspective. I have before me Prince von Bülow's "Imperial Germany," the candid and courageous defence of his ten-years' Chancellorship, which he published shortly before the war, and which Mr. Burns mentions in a footnote. It is now more important that we should understand his ideals than that we should understand Machiavelli's "Prince" or Bodin's "Republic." "Political sense," says Bülow, "connotes a sense of the general good. . . . Politically gifted nations . . . set the general interest of the nation above the aims and desires of individuals." And again, "Other nations would do well to imitate the sound and justifiable egoism of England." What do "general good" and "well" mean in these passages? Is it merely the Scotch family motto, "Thou shalt want ere I want," or is there a transference to international politics of the old economic doctrine of "harmony," which declared that the good of the whole body was best procured by the ruthless selfishness of its members? What does "God" mean in the passage which Bülow quotes from Moltke: "War is an essential element of God's scheme of the world"? Does Bülow, when he commends the strengthening of the German will-power by a deliberately-created "clash between German pride and sense of honor and the resistance and demands of foreign nations," connect that policy with any scheme of universal morality at all? How far is he right, not in the past but now, in taking England as his type of national egoism? Above all, what were the emotional facts behind his intellectual propositions?

The "Westminster Gazette" has published a correspondence on Christianity and the War. Most of the writers seem to think that we are all anxious about the metaphysical question how a good God can permit so monstrous an evil. To me the main problem seems to be how it is that the Christian ideal has so completely failed to influence the feeling and action of Christendom. As far as I am aware, no single manifesto has appeared signed by representatives of Christian churches from even two enemy countries. Is it because the growing incredibility of the creeds excludes from the organized churches all those who have the force of mind which is necessary if principles are to control action? If so, why has Socialism failed, less completely than Christianity, but still disastrously? To answer that question one has to examine a much more complex body of causes than the intellectual theses laid down in Marx's "Kapital" and analyzed by Mr. Burns. Allowance must, for instance, be made for the stupid mechanical fact that the soldiers who control the European censorships will not allow the men of good-will behind the fighting lines to communicate with each other. Our whole assumptions as to the growth of "public opinion," "nobler ideals" and the rest in modern Europe prove, indeed, to depend on the free use of railways and cables and post offices from which a corporal with a bayonet can drive, at any moment, the prophet who might have founded a new religion.

May I, then, without impertinence, repeat my suggestion that Mr. Burns should write a new book? The "Origin of Species" owed much of its relevance and force to the fact that it grew out of a draft abstract, written from memory. Mr. Burns is a man of wide and sensitive social feeling, who knows more than any of us about the history of European political ideas. Will he not, now that he has published his pre-war lectures, take a sheet of paper and begin an abstract of the points on which his learning and his sympathy can help plain men to see their way in the present Twilight of the Gods? Forgotten hopes and disappointments of long-dead thinkers, quotations which no one has ever quoted before, will soon crowd in a new order and with new urgency upon his memory, and stir him to new thoughts of his own. His sheet of paper will grow, not into a book about books, but into a book about which books may some day be written.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

GUIDES TO BALKAN QUESTIONS.

✓ "Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems in their Relation to the Great European War." By MARION I. NEWBIGIN, D.Sc. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

✓ "War and Diplomacy in the Balkans." By H. CHARLES WOODS. ("The Field" Office. 6d.)

DR. MARION NEWBIGIN'S book is important as calling attention to the question how far the geography of the Balkan Peninsula has created or complicated the political questions of the Balkan States. It is a statement of the physical geography of the country which is necessarily bound up with the past history of the various races now occupying it. The differences which exist between the peoples of the Balkan States, however, cannot be explained merely by reference to the physical conditions of the peninsula. The writer has many sensible and notable things to say on its geological formation, and compares Bulgaria with a "piece of garden ground along a highway whose extremities were beyond the control of the gardeners." The comparison is apt. As one rises from the Danube near Belgrade, the ascent is steep until the train is a considerable distance outside Serbia and beyond Slivnitsa. Then it follows a small trickling stream which four and twenty hours earlier had been a roaring torrent. After a very few miles of plain, which may be spoken of as a great garden, one then sees the beginning of another stream, which wends its slow and winding way into the Maritza, and from thence to the Ægean. Dr. Newbigin insists upon none of the countries having definite natural boundaries, and the statement is true. The most conspicuous illustration of it is Greece. The territory to the north of that country has Slavs, Wallachs, Bulgars, and Albanians, all intermingled, occupying districts of the country, which make it impossible to draw a line according to race; in other words, there exists no natural boundary. There is truth in the statement that in most parts of the Balkan Peninsula the inhabitants have kept away from the great natural roads, but it may be easily misunderstood. After all, the greatest natural road in the Balkan Peninsula is that from Constantinople through Adrianople, Philippopolis, and thence through the Trajan Pass between the west end of the Balkans and the Rhodope to Sofia, whence it diverges in three directions to the Danube. It is not only the great Roman track, but it is that which the chief railway from Constantinople now follows.

When the Balkan question is considered ethnically, the history of the successful immigration into the Peninsula was not, I think, much varied by the great geological features of the country to which Dr. Newbigin calls attention. The distribution follows the general rule applicable to European countries. The earliest comers have been compelled by subsequent arrivals to go westward. Possibly the Albanians were the first. Then there comes the question, not yet cleared up, whether the next to arrive were an early division of the Slavs, or the Wallachs, who are still dispersed through Macedonia and Albania, and still keep their language, which has been described as "worn-down Latin." I should prefer myself to call it Slavized Latin. Chapter VIII., which deals with this question, is extremely well done. Those who are further interested in the matter of the distribution of the peoples in the Western Balkans will find valuable information in Mr. Brailsford's "Macedonia," and in Wace and Thompson's "Nomads of the Balkans."

The early historical institutions among the various settlers have played a great part in the life of all these peoples, and the author has not overlooked it. The Slavs and Slavized peoples, like others of the Indo-Germanic race, began their career as settlers with a form of communal life, known as the "village community" in India and the "mir" in Russia. Examples of this institution exist in various forms throughout the Balkan Peninsula. The various systems under which land is held in these States are developments of it, differently affected by special circumstances in each State. The author speaks on various occasions of a feudal system in Bosnia and Herzegovina. I know of no institution existing or which has existed either in what was European Turkey, and what is now Asiatic Turkey, which

can properly be described as feudal, unless it was a conscious importation from a western country. The Princes of Achaia and others who held their lands by grants from the Latin emperors of Constantinople adopted the only system of land tenure with which they were acquainted, which was feudalism. The *Deré* Beys in Turkey were largely the survivals of petty chieftainship which existed among the Turks before they entered Asia Minor. But the Slav races everywhere maintained the central idea of the "mir." Bulgaria, more than Serbia, clung to this institution. Maine remarks that the most successful reforms effected in India are those which have respected the village communities. A like result is notable in comparison of the productiveness between Serbia and Bulgaria. Dr. Newbigin points out that in 1900 Serbia's wheat lands only yielded 2.7 cwt. per acre. Under free Government Serbia raised this average to 7.6 cwt. in 1911. Bulgaria in 1911 had an average of nearly 14 cwt. as compared with about 20 cwt. in England. It would appear, therefore, that the system of communal working, which is more completely practised in Bulgaria than in Serbia, is best suited to the people. In Serbia, where individual ownership prevails to a greater extent, the land is much more subdivided. The vast majority of estates are under twenty-five acres, while many owners possess less than ten. The author points out correctly that the extreme division is in part due to the breaking up of the *Zadrugas* or house clans, with the result that the land worked by the family is portioned out among the males. The *Zadruga* system still prevails very extensively in Bulgaria. Members of the house community go far afield to seek work, and pool their earnings with the rest of the family. A generation ago in Constantinople, and the same even now largely applies, the best gardeners there were Bulgarians who belonged to such communities. If an explanation should be sought why Serbia has adhered less strictly to the communal system, I think it is to be found in the fact that for many generations time-expired Janissaries, all, of course, of Christian origin, though Moslems, were planted along the Danube in order to resist invasion from the north, and each became an individual owner. The book is full of interesting matter. It contains many thoughtful suggestions, and though the author claims with justice that he has treated the differences between the various Balkan States with impartiality, it is satisfactory to note that he has arrived at the same conclusions about Bulgaria and Greece as those of the Brothers Buxton and myself.

Mr. Woods's book has nothing to do with geology, but contains a quite surprising amount of accurate information in reference to the history of each of the Balkan States, with details in regard to the army and navy of each country which it would be difficult to find elsewhere. On a variety of other important subjects connected with the problems of the day the reader will find abundant and accurate information. I tested it, for example, in reference to the question what is the extent of territory which Rumania took from Bulgaria at the end of the disastrous second Balkan War. The author gives it as just under 53,500 square miles, and adds that the population of Rumania of 7,230,000 has been added to by about 260,000 inhabitants. For permanent use at the present crisis no book that I have seen gives so much accurate information in so handy a form.

EDWIN PEARLS.

A CAPTIVE OF CHATEAU D'IF.

"The Patrizi Memoirs: A Roman Family under Napoleon." By the MARCHESA MADDALENA PATRIZI. Translated by Mrs. HUGH FRASER. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net.)

MARTYRDOM is a distinction that has never been denied to mediocrity, and it is largely to Napoleon's sins that the Patrizi family are indebted for the blossoming of their ancestor's memory in the dust. The subject of these memoirs, Giovanni Patrizi, an Italian nobleman remarkable for nothing but the blamelessness of his character and the steadfastness of his piety, was signalled out by the Emperor

during his occupation of Italy for a relentless campaign of persecution. Patrizi's offence was not unnatural. He objected to the abduction of his two young sons to France, to be educated at his own expense in principles he detested, to serve the advancement of an oppressor he abjured. This singular imposition was called "The Golden Levy." A census taken some months previously, with its object kept in strictest secrecy, had accounted for all nobly born boys except those of delicate constitution from the age of eight upwards. These were to be sent to military schools in France, while those who were grown up, whether married or single, were drafted into the *Garde Impériale*. The object of the Golden Levy was the denationalization of the youth of Italy. Terrorized by threats, the Italian nobility reluctantly submitted. Giovanni Patrizi alone refused, upheld by a belief in divine protection which events did nothing to justify. Giovanni's resistance was of value to morality alone. The edict was carried out: the two boys accompanied by their mother, Cuneganda, were dispatched, willy-nilly, to France, whilst the property of Patrizi was confiscated, and he himself sent to prison at Fenestrelle.

The correspondence between Giovanni and Cuneganda during their separation, is now offered to the public in an English translation by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. The letters have the interest that attaches to all genuine expressions of feeling. A devoted husband and wife are torn apart, their correspondence strictly censored and often delayed for months; they write to each other of their hopes and fears, and summon the consolations of piety. That is all—but the emotion is sincere, and so, therefore, is the reader's sympathy.

Beside the letters there are extracts from the journal of Giovanni, written during his imprisonment, and a few pages from the diary of his youngest son, Pippo, made on the journey from Rome to Paris. This expedition, which lasted several months, owing to the illness of the boys *en route*, and to the utmost that Cuneganda made of every opportunity for delay, could not be anything but exciting and pleasurable to a boy of eight. Pippo's diary, written with a precision and finish remarkable for his years, is excellent reading: it chronicles minutely not only the guide-book information suitable to the occasion, but those interests dearer to a boyish heart, the several items of his menu. Giovanni's journal, on the other hand, confines itself almost exclusively to the state of his soul. Religion, to this blameless captive, proved an invaluable resource. "I conceived the idea of bringing my imprisonment to advantage by making it a spiritual retreat," he writes. "I resolved to begin the next day, and to that end I mapped out a careful schedule for the regulation of my time." Occupied with his devotions, sustained by the approval of his conscience, and allowed, when the edict of solitary confinement was removed, to enjoy the companionship of other political offenders, Giovanni preserved an attitude of admirable fortitude. But prison is prison, even for the best of men. The Patrizi correspondence often lay piled high for months on the governor's table before it reached its destination, and, added to Giovanni's anxieties concerning his delicate wife and children, was the suspense of serving an indeterminate sentence. Both husband and wife imagined that as soon as the boys arrived at La Flèche Giovanni's release would be granted. But they reckoned without Napoleon's magnificent capacity for spite. The cruellest moment of their separation was experienced when, passing through Turin on her way to France, Cuneganda wrote a courteous appeal to Don Camillo Borghese to be allowed to visit her husband at Fenestrelle. The reply of Napoleon's brother-in-law was as follows:—

"MADAME,—I will not lose a moment in answering the letter which you took the trouble to write to me to-day; I should do so with much more pleasure if I could grant what you ask. I advise you to get to Paris as quickly as you can, and then ask permission from the Minister of Police to visit your husband on your return journey. I do not imagine that you will meet with any difficulty.

"Pray accept the assurance, etc.—CAMILLO."

This letter, says the translator, was a double-edged sword to Cuneganda's hopes. Not only did it refuse her request, but it told her that the bitter sacrifice of their children had been made in vain. Always in frail health, this blow prostrated her, and it was with difficulty that she was able to continue

the journey. Meanwhile, Giovanni at Fenestrelle was the dupe of an equally cruel delusion.

"On the 9th of July (he writes) by some extraordinary and incomprehensible combination, my hopes of seeing my family suddenly became almost certainties. I was shut up in my room towards four in the afternoon when there came a knocking at the door. I opened it to find some of my companions in captivity, one of whom declared to me that my wife was just about to arrive at the port. They told me that with the aid of a small opera glass, they had discerned on the road leading hither a tall, well-dressed woman with two boys, accompanied by other persons, one of whom looked like a servant, as he kept some paces behind; the party kept constantly turning to look at the port."

With a wildly beating heart, Giovanni fled down to the lower bastions to gain a closer view of the road. But, alas! the mirage turned out to be a party of *gendarmes*, and next day Giovanni learned that his release was unobtainable. The blow was heavy, but it was born with his usual exemplary resignation.

Giovanni's pious disposition made him a poor conspirator, and he fell blindly into every trap prepared for him by his astute protectors. Whilst his wife was still negotiating for his release, a letter to her from her husband mentioning the names of friends who had facilitated their secret correspondence was delivered into the Emperor's hands. The result was the prompt removal of Patrizi from Fenestrelle to the sinister Chateau d'If. Here, immured in a tiny cell, which he shared with an aged Frenchman, deprived of fresh air and exercise, his correspondence still more vigorously censored, Giovanni remained till April, 1814. Cuneganda, meanwhile, watched over her sons and wore her heart out at La Flèche. Ignorant of the turn of political events, on March 27th, she still writes to her husband of "that everlasting Chateau d'If! My God, how it hurts me to see it, and how it must hurt you to write it." Fifteen days later she writes again, not to Chateau d'If, but to Marseilles, and her letter begins, "Alleluia! Alleluia!" The eagle had fallen, and the fleur de lys waved once more over an exhausted France.

Giovanni lived three years after his liberation, but his health had suffered seriously from imprisonment, and he died of heart affection in 1817. Cuneganda survived him eleven years. Xatra, the eldest boy, became a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, but Pippo married twice and has had innumerable descendants. These memoirs are preceded by an excellent historical introduction by Mr. Crawford Fraser, and the volume contains some delightful illustrations.

THE POWER OF NARRATIVE.

"Victory." By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE tradition of narrative is as much of a vested interest to Englishmen as lyric poetry. It is a vested interest to all the world, but a positive literary obsession to the unphilosophic, incurious Englishman. One might also say, indeed, that the predominant genius of these islands leans towards lyric poetry and prose narrative. Satire, too, for that matter, but that, one supposes, is not because it is indigenous, but because it has so many openings. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that narrative, in these modern days, has, somehow or other, lost its balance. The ambitious novelists ignore it, and the mechanical ones batten upon it. Indeed, one of the most striking things about the realists (who absorb the less commercial type of fiction) is their revolt against the narrative form. It is not that they don't tell a story; they cannot very well avoid a certain sequence of events. But they throw the story out of perspective; they put it in the shade, and make it subordinate to the autobiographical purpose. Now, what is the result of this? It is, in a word, to lose that differentiation of identities, which is the supreme justification of the narrative form. The realistic-cum-autobiographical document does not create character; it cannot, by its very composition, create character. What it does is to issue variations of its author's personality. Even when the central figure in a realistic novel is not an actual projection of the writer's ego, the other characters tend to revolve within his orbit—to express

his attitudes, to personify his prejudices, and to be created in his image. The result is a kind of blur—as though certain indefinite figures were to take shape and form out of an insubstantial mist.

Exactly the opposite processes take place by means of the concrete and objective values of first-rate narrative. The characters are not painfully philosophized into being; they create, by their own actions, their philosophies and destinies. They interact with the events and the events with them, and the stronger these characters, the more sharply realized and differentiated, the more likely they are to set vigorously in motion a convincing and significant action. So it is that, from these considerations, we can assert, almost dogmatically, that the best narrative will tend to produce a corresponding intensity, salience, and variety of characterization. The psychological differences may, indeed, be so abrupt as to father the impression of a gallery of grotesques. That does not matter, so long as they do not impair, and as they very seldom do impair, the essential reality.

It has been the peculiar dowry of Mr. Conrad—a Pole—to have restored to England the traditional glories of its narrative. This latest story, "Victory," a reversion to the "Outcast of the Islands" type, has none of those convolutions and intricacies of psychology by which he gave the lie to those theorists who hold that the narrative form is a stiff and inflexible medium, incapable of squeezing into it any but the less complex manifestations of life. Indeed, the feature of Mr. Conrad's work, in this as in his more elaborate structures, is the equipoise he preserves between his action and his psychology. One is inclined to think that only in "Nostromo" is the one sacrificed to the other, and only in "Nostromo" is the one not a mate and a complement of the other. The issue in "Victory" is as clear as in a Mystery play—the conflict between the forces of darkness and of light; with the difference of actual life that virtue is not triumphant over the enemy. The armies, in fact, are both victims of the convulsion of strife, and it is only in the classical suggestion of *καθάρσις*, of which Mr. Conrad is so subtle a master, that evil is defrauded of its prey. Nor, by any manner of means, can Mr. Conrad's exploitation of such orthodox material be called a convention. Alex Heyst is a highly sceptical, speculative kind of hero. To the most respectable canons of the world he is, at best a waster and derelict, at worst a parasite. His career is a succession of failures, and at the opening of the book he is living in meditative solitude upon the remote island of Samburan, the ex-manager of the Tropical Belt Coal Company. Nor does Heyst wear his chivalry and active abhorrence of oppression and cruelty upon his coat-sleeve. When he rescues Lena, the English girl, one of a troupe of performing musicians, carried about from island to island, like caged beasts in a menagerie, we are conscious of the acute contrast between the shrinking philosopher and the enterprising Perseus. And in his relations with Lena on his island we are more than ever alive to the delicate shades of his personality—its introspectiveness, semi-futility, mistrust, and lack of recognition of the more unified and elemental devotion of the girl. Heyst is invariably interesting, because of the deprecating cloak in which he wraps his generous temper. With the enemy, on the other hand, Mr. Conrad employs quite a different method. Schomberg, the German hotel-proprietor, who pursues Lena with his half-aject, half-ferocious attentions, and Heyst with his pertinacious hatred, is a combination of formality, timidity, meanness, and brutality. He is, as it were, the interpreter between the enigmatic Heyst and the real extravagant villains of the piece. That these villains—Mr. Jones, the indolent spectre, the ghostly gentleman of evil, Martin Ricardo, his henchman, an amalgam of a Camden Town murderer and a stealthy cat, and Pedro, the hairy simian, with his gigantic strength—are extravagant, grotesque, as the author meant them to be, is true enough. That does not detract from their reality; on the contrary, it gives it a curiously symbolic force. The spectre, the cat, and the gorilla, then come to Schomberg's hotel, for a temporary retirement from business, varied with a little cardsharpping. Schomberg, to rid himself of such unloved guests and to satisfy his revenge, induces them, for the price of a hypothetical swag, to sail over to Samburan and dispose of Heyst. The action

of the drama from this point, is accelerated and intensified. Heyst is left unarmed, owing to the defection of his Chinese servant, and Mr. Jones is metaphorically disarmed, from Ricardo's savage desire for Lena—women, to Mr. Jones, being the only daunting and unassailable thing in a world of easy conquests. But they all go down to disaster, and the appearance of Captain Davidson, the friend of Heyst, reminds one of the dirge after exhausted combat in an Elizabethan play.

Mr. Conrad does not make much use of that subtle technique, which, as in "Lord Jim" and "Chance," tosses the narrative, like a ball or loving-cup, from hand to hand. That is because the story does not really need it. In "Victory," the narrative is the thing, and the few elaborations there are are used exclusively for putting the finishing touches upon its speed, its elasticity, and, shall we say, its splendid constitution.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture." By THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, R.A. Two Vols. (Cambridge University Press. £2 2s. net.)

To the average reader, the title of this work will hardly suggest the enormous field of research and study actually covered by its author. One should mention, therefore, that it deals not merely with Byzantinism as we know it in St. Sophia, Constantinople, and St. Mark's, Venice, and with Romanesque as it appears in a number of the Italian churches, but with the architecture that sprung from those Eastern and Western sources; with the Norman that descended from Romanesque, and the manifold hybrid styles of France and Germany that drew their inspiration partly from Romanesque, partly from Byzantine, and partly also from the parent Roman stock. It is, in short, a detailed review of European architecture from the time of the Roman Empire to the rise of Gothic. Mr. Jackson would appear to have a first-hand knowledge of every important church in Europe, and of a great many others important as landmarks in architectural history. After dealing with some of Justinian's churches at Constantinople, he examines the Italo-Byzantine developments in Ravenna, Rome, Florence, Pisa, and other cities of Italy, tracing the growth of Romanesque, which might be styled the Western counterpart of the Byzantine; concluding his first volume with an interesting chapter on the Lombard churches. The second volume opens with the German Romanesque that lent itself so easily to the Gothic development; but the most valuable portion of this volume is that in which he treats of France. While a fair proportion of the book is taken up with technical description, Mr. Jackson cannot be accused of treating architecture apart from its historical setting. No one is more cognisant of the intimate relationship between buildings and their local conditions, of the social and political changes that rendered changes of style inevitable.

* * *

"Conscript 'Em." Cartoons by WILL DYSON. (Published by "The Herald." 1d.)

"Short Answers to Conscriptors." (The Voluntary Service Association. 1d.)

READERS of THE NATION are acquainted with Mr. Dyson's work, and this collection of cartoons against conscription shows that in his hands the cartoon is a powerful instrument for propaganda. Apart from his skill as a draftsman, he puts an amount of force and personality into his drawings which compel attention. He takes a delight in exposing the unworthy aims of many advocates of conscription. "The Man Behind Conscription" and the picture of "a distinguished peer about to prove to the world that there is no life left in the Voluntary System" are as good as pages of argument. The drawings in this book are examples of hard put perfectly fair hitting. The booklet issued by the Voluntary Service Association answers a dozen of the favorite arguments for conscription, that it is necessary to protect our country from invasion, that if it had been in force there would have been no war, that voluntary enlist-

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ment is unfair, because it sends the patriotic to the war, and allows the slacker to escape all risk, and so forth. The answers are brief but admirably argued, and the booklet should prove extremely valuable to platform speakers who have to counter the efforts of conscriptionist agitators.

* * *

"The Caliphate: Its Rise, Decline, and Fall." By Sir WILLIAM MUIR. New Edition. Revised by T. H. WEIR. (John Grant. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR WILLIAM MUIR's history of the Caliphate first appeared in 1883, and at once became the standard book on the subject. Successive editions were published in 1891 and 1899, and the present issue has been revised by Mr. Weir. Among the changes which he introduces are the adoption of the system of Arabic transliteration followed by the Royal Asiatic Society, the incorporation of many observations from Wellhausen's "Das Arabische Reich und Sein Sturz," and the compilation of an up-to-date bibliography. Present events give a topical interest to the history of the Caliphate, and Mr. Weir's knowledge of Arabic literature and history has enabled him to present Sir William Muir's work in what is likely to be its final form.

The Week in the City.

THERE has been more activity on the Stock Exchange during the last few days, owing to the ups and downs of Fortune and of the speculators who wait upon her. On the whole, stocks have been rather firmer; for, in spite of uneasiness about Bulgaria, the successes of the Allies in the West and better reports from Russia have given renewed hopes of an early and successful conclusion to the war. Moreover, on Tuesday, it was officially announced in New York that the arrangements for an Anglo-French loan, to be used for strengthening the exchange, *i.e.*, to pay for exports from the United States, had been concluded. The amount of the loan will disappoint those who had hoped for 200 or at least 150 millions sterling. It is to consist of 100 millions sterling, or 500 million dollars. It is jointly and severally guaranteed by the British and French Governments. The interest is to be 5 per cent. for five years, after which time the holder can be repaid at par, or may demand instead 4½ per cent. bonds, with a run of fifteen years. A syndicate formed by Messrs. J. P. Morgan has taken the loan at 96, and is offering it to the public at 98, so that a gilt-edged security will yield 5½ per cent. after two millions sterling have been taken by the underwriters! And besides this it is to be free of income-tax. The issue is so attractive that it ought to be successfully floated, and it should certainly steady the exchanges for some time. It represents about three months' difference between exports and imports, if the calculations of American bankers and statisticians can be relied upon. It has had the effect of depressing American Securities, as Yankee holders are realizing stocks in order to subscribe to the loan.

DIVIDENDS AND INCOME-TAX.

The new rate of income-tax of 3s. 6d. in the £ comes

into force on October 6th, so that all Government dividends due on October 5th will be subject to the 2s. 6d. tax, and after that date at the rate of 3s. 6d. This applies also to dividends and interest of foreign and colonial government securities or of foreign and colonial companies entrusted to an agent in this country for payment after that date, and to interest and annuities paid by municipal corporations and other local authorities to creditors on rates, and not paid, or not wholly paid, out of profits and gains brought into charge to income-tax. Companies who pay dividends less income-tax deduct tax at the average rate in force during the period. Thus companies ending their financial year on December 31st next will deduct it at the rate of 2s. 6½d. in the £. For the half-year ending December 30th, and for the whole year ending March, 1916, the rate will be 3s. in the £. The increase in the tax has, not unnaturally, been followed by a demand on the part of investors for the shares of those companies which pay their dividends free of tax, of which there are quite a number in the list. The market in telegraph shares, for example, after having been dull for some time, was distinctly better this week, and several buying orders were received, though so far there has been little advance in prices. Other notable examples of Shell Transport dividends which are paid free of tax are the P. & O. Deferred and Underground Electric Income Bonds. But, of course, no company is obliged to continue such a policy, and those who are now seeking such investments must be prepared for a change at any time.

B.S.A. REPORT AND THE EXCESS PROFITS TAX.

The report of the Birmingham Small Arms Company shows an enormous increase in profits, namely, from £190,429 to £408,455. The shares remained fairly steady on the publication, which was in accordance with market expectation after the dividend announcement. The ordinary dividend is 20 per cent., compared with 15 per cent. last year, but a part of the reserve fund is to be capitalized and distributed to ordinary shareholders, who will thereby receive in scrip the equivalent of a 50 per cent. bonus. This action, and the fact that the company has greatly extended its buildings and plant in order to cope with War Office orders, makes it very doubtful how much the Exchequer will take in the shape of war profits taxation. The average net profit of the three preceding years was £185,601, which makes this year's surplus £222,854. On that basis the Exchequer would take £111,427 from this one concern. But presumably allowance will be made for the reasons stated, and because a large new issue of capital was made two years ago, and is just becoming fully remunerative. The "excess profits" tax is a favorite topic of discussion in the City just now, and one finds general sympathy and approval of the principles underlying it. But much doubt is expressed as to whether it can be fairly and successfully administered. Stockbrokers are exercised in their minds over the question of young rubber companies, whose shareholders, after years of low returns, are just beginning to reap the benefit of their trees reaching the producing stage. Such increases of profits cannot, they claim, be fairly taxed as war profits. Mr. McKenna has stated that mines must pay the tax. But mines have a remedy to hand, namely, a restriction of production, whereby the life of the mine is prolonged. Rubber estates have no such remedy. Possibly Mr. McKenna will exempt them as "agricultural." Altogether the new tax presents many difficulties, which at the moment appear almost insoluble.

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SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY (near Moorgate Street Station, E.C.). To-morrow morning, the Right Honourable JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P., will give an address on THEISM, CHRISTIANITY, and WAR. Service, 11 a.m. Music and Readings precede the address.

The Daily News

has a unique record amongst London daily papers in regard to signed articles on the war.

Its special features have included contributions by

Viscount Bryce

Thomas Hardy

Bernard Shaw

Arnold Bennett

H. G. Wells

Joseph Conrad

J. K. Jerome

Emile Verhaëren

John Galsworthy

Alfred Noyes

Sasha Kropotkin

Sir Edwin Pears

Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell

A. G. Gardiner

Romain Rolland

E. F. Benson

A. E. W. Mason

Anthony Hope

Erskine Childers

G. M. Trevelyan

Maurice Leblanc

Eden Phillpotts

"Geo. A. Birmingham"

Prof. T. M. Kettle

Justin Huntly McCarthy

Richard le Gallienne

And other well known Writers.

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PAPER OF DISTINCTION.**